HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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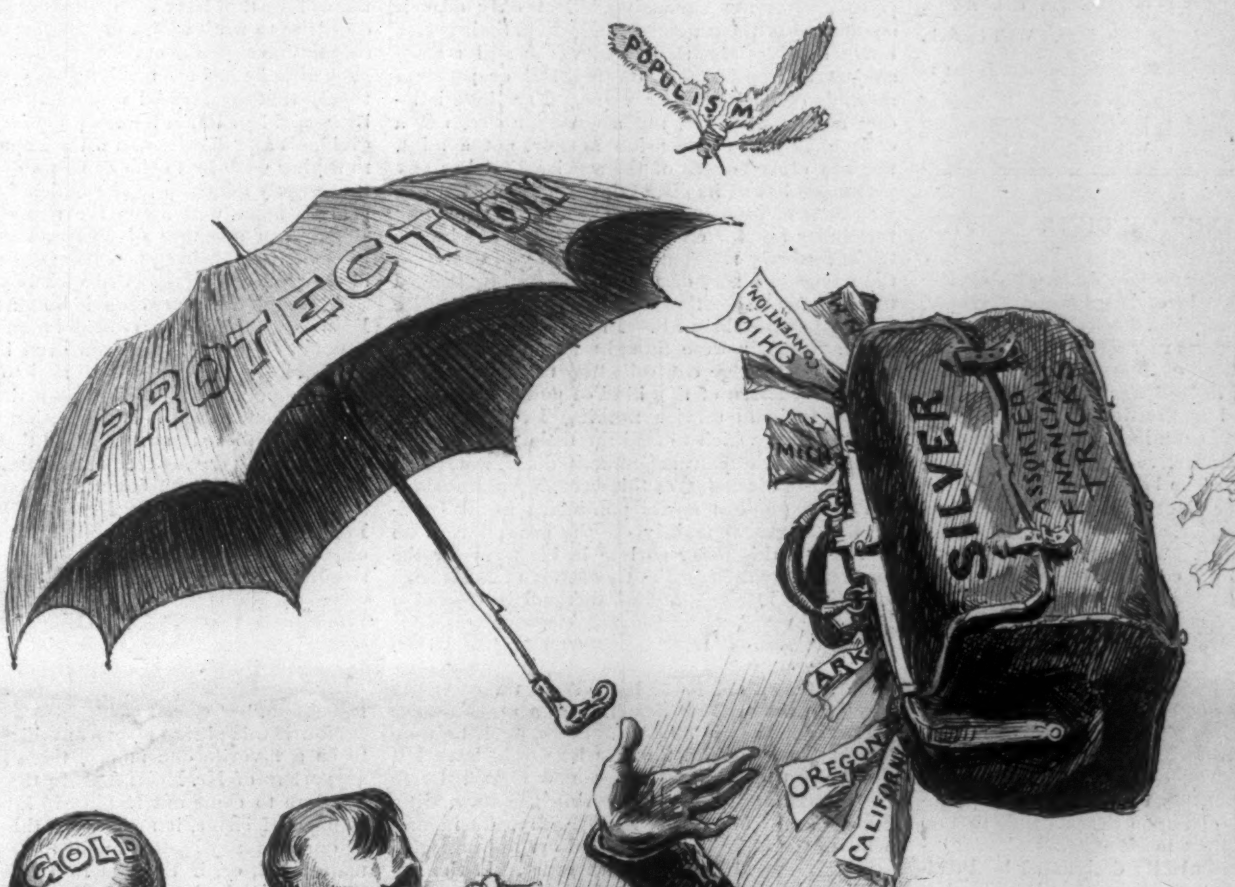
POPULISM
PROTECTION
OHIO CONVENTION
MICH
ARK
OREGON
CALIFORNI
SILVER
ASSORTED FINANCIAL TRICKS
GOLD
W. A. Rogers.

TOO BUSY TO TALK.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 23, 1896.

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A GREAT ADVANCE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

If President CLEVELAND had done nothing else to win the gratitude of the American people, his recent order concerning the civil service would alone suffice to place him in the front rank of those who have deserved well of the republic. The civil service law enacted in 1883 was understood to contemplate the gradual application of the merit system, with competitive examinations as its principal feature, to the administrative machinery of the national government. The beginning was made by classifying the lower places in certain branches of the departmental service, and by placing them under civil service rules. The system having been successfully tested on a comparatively small scale, the classification was gradually extended. At the close of President ARTHUR'S term, in 1885, it included about 15,000 places; at the close of President CLEVELAND'S first term, in 1889, about 27,300; and at the close of President HARRISON'S term, in 1893, about 43,400, not counting in the laboring force of the navy-yards placed by Secretary TRACY under special rules. Before issuing his last order President CLEVELAND added several thousand more.

This gradual expansion was indeed very promising. But it proceeded upon the principle that no place was subject to the merit system unless it belonged to a class specifically designated by Presidential order. And even among the places so classified there were many, for various reasons, excepted from the competitive rule, or even from examination of any kind. In other words, all places not specially designated as being governed by the civil service rules were regarded as being open to arbitrary appointment, which practically meant being open to appointment on political grounds. And when new places were created they had to be specifically put under the rules in order to be rescued from the reach of spoils politics. In this way not only many places which could have been advantageously put under the rules were left outside of them, but it is also very easy to see how under such circumstances, whenever an appointing officer wished to use places for political ends, he could defeat the intent and spirit of the merit system either by taking advantage of the exceptions, or by giving existing positions new names not embraced in the classification, or by other quirks and shifts.

President CLEVELAND'S recent order makes an end of this. It places the service on a new ground. Instead of merely enumerating positions to be added to the classified list, it virtually lays down the broad principle that—leaving aside "Presidential" appointments subject to confirmation by the Senate and post-offices on the one hand, and the employment of mere laborers on the other—all places the incumbents of which have to perform duties of such and such character, no matter how they are named, shall be filled upon competitive examination or under the rules governing promotions, except a few offices specially designated. In other words, while formerly all places were held to be not under the civil service rules unless they were specifically classified as being under them, now all places—within the limits mentioned—are held to be under the civil service rules unless they are specifically excepted. This is the greatest onward stride civil service reform in the national service has ever made. Its importance does not consist only in the fact that it raises the number of places under the civil service rules to more than 85,000, and cuts down the number of excepted places to 775—mainly positions of cashiers in the customs, internal revenue, and postal services, and private secretaries and confidential clerks, not exceeding two in each case, to the President and the heads of the executive departments—but it consists in the practical establishment throughout the national service of the general principle that the offices of the government are instituted solely for the benefit of the public; that the people are entitled to the best service attainable; that appointment to places in the public service must depend solely upon ascertained fitness; that the best-known method of ascertaining that fitness is the open competitive test; that every citizen has a right to have his fitness tested by this method; and that no place shall be excepted from this competitive test, unless cause be shown why in the public interest it should be so excepted.

That the promulgation of so sweeping a rule should have drawn a howl of rage from the spoils politicians is not surprising. Not only does it snatch tens of thousands of places from their grasp, but it deprives also the offices which still remain subject to appointment on political or personal grounds of most of their value. For there is today not a post-office, not a custom-house, not a collectorship, not a pension agency, not a mint, nor any other branch of the service, that has any patronage left at its disposal, except as to the employment of ordinary laborers. Nor is there any possibility left for creating such patronage by the tricks formerly resorted to in the way of changing the names of places or shifting the duties attached to them, for under the new order the civil service law will cover them all. In short, all the offices which formerly were thought important for the political patronage controlled by them have been completely shorn of this kind of power. There is in the national service nothing left to the big "boys" with which to feed the little "boys." No wonder that the patronage-manipulator, the spoilsmonger, stands aghast at this sweeping innovation!

The Republican spoils politicians assail President CLEVELAND mainly on the ground that he had issued this order so late in his term for the purpose of protecting the thousands of Democrats he had put in place against removal in case of a Republican victory at the next national election. It would seem almost superfluous to defend Mr. CLEVELAND against this charge of partisan motive. In the first place, he had subjected thousands of places to the civil service rules at a much earlier period of his administration. Secondly, if he were governed by partisan motives he would have left the many thousands of places now classified free for partisan manipulation during the impending Presidential campaign. And thirdly, the incumbents of the places now classified are *not* protected against removal by the recent order. If the Republican party return to power those persons may be removed if they deserve removal; only their places will have to be filled, not by way of feeding the "boys," but upon competitive examination. And this it is that makes the Republican spoils politician so sad. But no Republican has yet assailed President CLEVELAND on the ground that his order does not serve the public interest. That it does is tacitly admitted. The whole outcry has not the public good, but only patronage for its subject. This is most significant, and no more expressive tribute of praise could be bestowed upon the splendid service Mr. CLEVELAND has thus rendered to the American people.

The great work, however, is not yet finished. It still remains to take the postmasters wholly out of politics, to repeal the four years tenure law, and to dissociate the idea of party spoil also from the so-called Presidential appointments. This is still a difficult task, but as every forward step makes the next one easier, we may hope to see this too accomplished in the near future.

McKINLEY CAN BE DEFEATED.

So far as the Republican National Convention is concerned, the silver question is settled. Enough delegates have been chosen by State conventions that have adopted platforms opposing the free coinage of silver to constitute a large majority of the national convention. Nearly six hundred of the delegates, if they follow the instructions of their constituents, will vote against the declaration of the California, Idaho, Arizona, and New Mexico Republicans, who have given expression to the extreme silver pretensions in favor of free coinage. Nearly two hundred more come from States where the Republicans have made two-faced platforms. So that those who will vote in favor of absolute free coinage in the Republican convention are likely to constitute less than one-ninth of the whole number of delegates.

The declarations in favor of the gold standard differ in degree as to frankness and assuredness of conviction. They range from the ringing and earnest words of those who know, to the halting tones of those who are not quite sure. But it is certain that these halting and doubting ones will be sure enough before the convention is half over, so that it may be taken for granted that the Republican party is pledged to sound money. At least it is opposed to the free coinage of silver. What Idaho and her DUBOIS, Colorado and her TELLER, Nevada and her STEWART, and Arizona and New Mexico and their half-breeds, will do in the premises ought to be a matter of very little concern to the Republican party. A revolt of the free-silver men would leave the party stronger, because in getting rid of them it would have a better opportunity than it has enjoyed for many years to regain the respect of right-thinking and conservative men of that part of the country which prefers to keep the good it has, to be governed by the economic laws that have been found by all commercial countries to work well, and which is opposed to the speculative experiments of the mining camps. We have already had too much legislation based on the theory that the general welfare is to be promoted by special legislation for the pecuniary profit of individuals and classes, and if the Republican party, in saying good-by to the Senators of States which it corruptly admitted to the Union for its own aggrandizement, will notify the manufacturers that Republican members of Congress are henceforth to cease to be their agents, its prospective triumph at the polls can be regarded with less uneasiness.

Although the silver craze is beaten in the Republican party, the battle for sound money and a more rational currency is not won even in that organization. Indeed it cannot be said to have begun. The currency question is larger than the silver question, and while it is a question that demands settlement, there is no likelihood that the problem will be solved during the next administration. The Republicans of Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maine, Vermont, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Kentucky have declared for the gold standard; but in Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, and some other States the party has expressed the belief that in some way the parity between the two metals can be maintained by this country alone. As the Ohio platform phrases it, this parity is to be had under certain "restrictions" and "provisions" that are "to be determined by legislation."

Now if this phrase means anything, and it seems to be a favorite one among those adherents and supporters of Mr. McKINLEY in the West who do not dare to come out frankly in favor of the free coinage of silver, it means that the present status of our currency system ought to be preserved and maintained, or, if there is to be any legislation, that it shall be in aid of silver. But the maintenance of the existing status ought not to be the only outcome of the Presidential campaign. It is well to go slowly, but it is not well to go too slowly. It is well to have removed all apprehension that the currency of the country will be placed on a silver basis, and that at the bidding of Nevada, New Mexico, and Idaho the United States will take its place by the side of China and South America. But it would not be well to rest there. The evils of the present situation are not sentimental only; they are real. They are not to be removed by a declaration in favor of the gold standard. Such a declaration will help our credit abroad, but while we are enjoying that gain we ought to be taking advantage of the opportunity to provide ourselves with a rational currency. At least we ought to be sure to elect a President who will exercise all the power that the laws bestow upon him to defend our business and financial interests from the automatic operation of the existing state of things.

It is certain that Mr. McKINLEY would not be such a President. At the crucial moment he helped to impose the SHERMAN silver-purchase law upon the country. As Senator TELLER has confessed, this law was enacted in consequence of a bargain between the McKinleyites and the free-silver men. If it had not been for this bargain, the country would not have been burdened with either the McKINLEY tariff or the SHERMAN purchase law. Of course Mr. McKINLEY himself was one of the principals to the bargain, and he therefore took the position, if he knows anything at all on the subject of finance, that the privilege of taxing the people in behalf of the manufacturers must be adhered to even at the cost of a debased currency and of disaster and ruin to the commercial interests of the country. Mr. McKINLEY'S friends are now asserting the same extraordinary principle. They are saying that no matter what may happen to the country, Mr. McKINLEY must be elected President.

It may therefore be assumed that Mr. McKINLEY himself, if elected President, will do nothing to promote reforms of the currency. He will sign a free-coinage bill if it shall be passed, although we may further assume that the declarations of Republican State conventions against free coinage will prevent such a catastrophe. But we shall have extravagant appropriations, and $500,000,000 in paper which the Treasury, partly by law and partly by tradition, is bound to redeem in gold on the demand of the holders. Whenever these financial conditions draw gold out of the Treasury, will Mr. McKinley exercise the power which Mr. Cleveland has exercised, and borrow the needed money on government bonds to replace the gold withdrawn? That it may be necessary for the next President to do this is a very grave consideration, which ought to be thought over by those who are to nominate the Republican candidate. Mr. McKinley will not follow Mr. Cleveland's example, and there is nothing in the party platforms thus far adopted that pledges him or Congress to any currency reform whatever.

If business men realize the peril to their interests involved in the election of such a man as Mr. McKinley; if they are conscious that in times like those in which Mr. Cleveland came to the rescue of the country's credit, Mr. McKinley will be trying, in the words of his own Ohio platform, to concoct such "legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parities of values of the two metals"; if they will recall the bargain which he made with the free-silver men that gave to the country his tariff act and the panic of 1893—Mr. McKinley will not be nominated. We are convinced that his strength is greatly overrated, and that the exercise of common-sense at St. Louis will scatter his forces and clear the political atmosphere. There are anti-McKinley delegates even in the States whose four delegates at large are instructed to vote for him. If the real friends of sound money in the St. Louis convention will unite against this candidate who dares not express an opinion on the most important subject of the campaign, his defeat will be assured on the first ballot. The Republican party has spoken well so far as it has spoken at all; but its nomination must be the test of its sincerity, and if the candidate shall be Mr. McKinley, its professions will be flatly contradicted.

CONGRESS AND CUBA.

The question as to whether Spain will permit Captain-General Weyler to execute without a civil trial American citizens who may be captured in attempting to aid the insurrection by landing implements of war or forces in Cuba is likely to be settled without bloodshed. So long as belligerency is not recognized, court-martial trials are not likely to be considered as proper proceedings when the fate of American citizens is involved; and the Americans of the *Competitor* who were recently condemned to death after such a proceeding, and whose execution has been postponed until Spain and our State Department can settle this question, have reason to be thankful for the President's refusal to carry into effect the foolish and mendacious belligerency resolution that we now know to have been passed by Congress for pure buncombe.

We know this because recent stirring events in Cuba, if we are to place any credit whatever on the newspaper despatches, have apparently not been heard of by our erstwhile sympathetic and panic-stricken law-makers. The despatches point to a good deal of activity, and are ominous with signs of approaching movements by Gomez and Garcia in the east, and Maceo in the west. A correspondent of a New York newspaper has been ordered to leave Cuba. Cuban bonds have been issued, based, it is true, on nothing but the chances of the success of the revolutionary movements, but giving, nevertheless, much better evidence of the existence of some form of government among the insurrectionists than was before Congress when the once famous, now almost forgotten, resolutions were passed. Besides, the curious are sometimes permitted to look at postage-stamps engraved in New York and printed on highly glazed and impracticable paper.

Besides these signs of war and of government, we have had narrated, with great circumstantiality, stories of murders committed by the Spaniards and of burnings by the insurgents. It is said that the Spaniards are killing all the able-bodied men on the island, and that the insurgents are setting fire to the valuable sugar plantations.

These stories of activity and cruelty must, of course, wait for official confirmation; and when we really know the truth it will be time to consider what the United States ought to do. In the mean time it would be well for the American people to contemplate the mild manners, the quiescence, the indifference to the blood that is flowing from the gaping wounds of the Cuban patriots, of their once truculent Congress. The most harrowing tales of Spanish outrage cannot stir the wrath of the Jingoes. In their inmost souls they may regret the belated arrival of so much occasion for the resolution which the President and the world have treated with such utter contempt, but they have been too busy with river and harbor trades and private pension raids on the Treasury to think again of the suffering Cubans. Their apathy is worth mentioning, however, because it tells the story of humbuggery and demagogy underlying the Cuban war as it was lately carried on in Washington. Even Jingo Congressmen are conscious that the issue of bonds and postage-stamps in New York does not constitute a government in Cuba.

A CHURCHMAN MILITANT.

There is no prelate of the Roman Catholic Church in this country more esteemed than Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, even by those who are not of his communion. He is among the most conspicuous of those who, in striving to Catholicize America, have borne in mind that it was also necessary to Americanize Catholicism. He has endeavored loyally to reconcile the claims upon his allegiance of a foreign Church and a native land.

The Archbishop of St. Paul, in a word, has never forgotten that he was an American as well as a Catholic, and that he was an American before he was a Catholic. But he has just been delivering a surprising address in St. Louis, from which it appears that his position on public questions is determined not alone by the accident of birth, combined with the accident of calling, but by remote ancestral influences. "Heredity" must be more accountable for this latest deliverance than environment. For at the banquet of the Loyal Legion the Archbishop took occasion, it seems, to disparage the movement begun in the English-speaking countries to substitute arbitration for war as a means of settling disputes. War, he maintained, is "the great instigator of patriotism. If we come to a stage where everything that is in dispute is to be peaceably settled, we will lose interest in the affairs of our country in its relations with other governments."

It is interesting to observe that the Archbishop's remarks were received "with a storm of applause." It is safe to say that while a part of this applause was doubtless a tribute to the sentiments themselves, and another part to the orator's expression of them, which was probably very eloquent, a great part was elicited by the unexpectedness of such a deliverance from such a source. The sentiments themselves were not new, except as coming from a minister of the religion of which the first announcement was a proclamation of "peace on earth, good will to men." In that aspect it has all the attraction of novelty. When Field-Marshal von Moltke wrote to a correspondent who had tried to interest him in a movement for the abolition of war that "universal peace was a dream, and not even a beautiful dream," readers were not very much surprised. They understood that the Marshal was speaking professionally, and did not willingly contemplate a state of things in which his occupation would be gone. His argument for war was much like the reasoning by which the elder Weller reconciled himself to the contemplation of death: "Wot 'ud become of the undertakers vithout it, Sammy?" But the case is entirely changed when an Archbishop, who certainly has no professional interest in war, and who is professionally a promoter of peace, commits himself to the proposition that peace and peaceableness may be overdone. Count Tolstoi the other day rather astonished even his most hardened admirers by denouncing patriotism, his reason being that it promoted war. There was, however, a semblance of consistency to Christianity in the appeal of the lay moralist which the appeal of the professional moralist lacks. If nations as well as individuals forbore to resist aggression, and turned the other cheek to the smiter, there would be no war, as there would be no patriotism. To deprecate patriotism because it promotes war, however absurd it may be, is more consistent for a minister of the gospel of peace than to deprecate the peaceful settlement of national disputes because "war is the instigator of patriotism."

As we have intimated, it cannot be by a process of reasoning, and it must be by giving way to his inherited instincts that the Archbishop has arrived at his singular position. It is the carnal man who speaks and not the consecrated prelate. As he was an American before he was a priest, or even a Catholic, so he was an Irishman, by inheritance at least, before he was an American. He does not bear his surname in vain. It is the delight of battle, which in the population of Dublin expresses itself by denunciation of the police as "interferers," which finds involuntary expression in the unguarded utterances of the patriotic American who is also a dignitary of the Church. There is undoubtedly something adapted to stir the emotions of a gathering of laymen and soldiers in finding themselves stirred up to strife by the remarks of an Archbishop. It is the Most Reverend Sir Lucius O'Trigger who pathetically beseeches them not to "spoil the quarrel."

BARNARD COLLEGE.

A few days ago an admirable piece of work was done in New York, so far as the doing of it went. Barnard College was made certain of a home. The facts have been narrated in the daily press, and they carry their own moral. A generous and at first unknown benefactor promised the college $100,000 for building a house near the new site of Columbia University, on condition that the mortgage on the property should be paid by the 10th of May. That such a home should be built was essential to the continued existence of the institution, for it was a condition of its life that the college should be situated near Columbia. The effort to secure the necessary $23,000, the last of the sum needed to make up the $100,000 due on the mortgage, dragged along slowly until, in the last twenty-four hours before the fateful time, some energetic women took the matter in hand, and in a bound obtained the money.

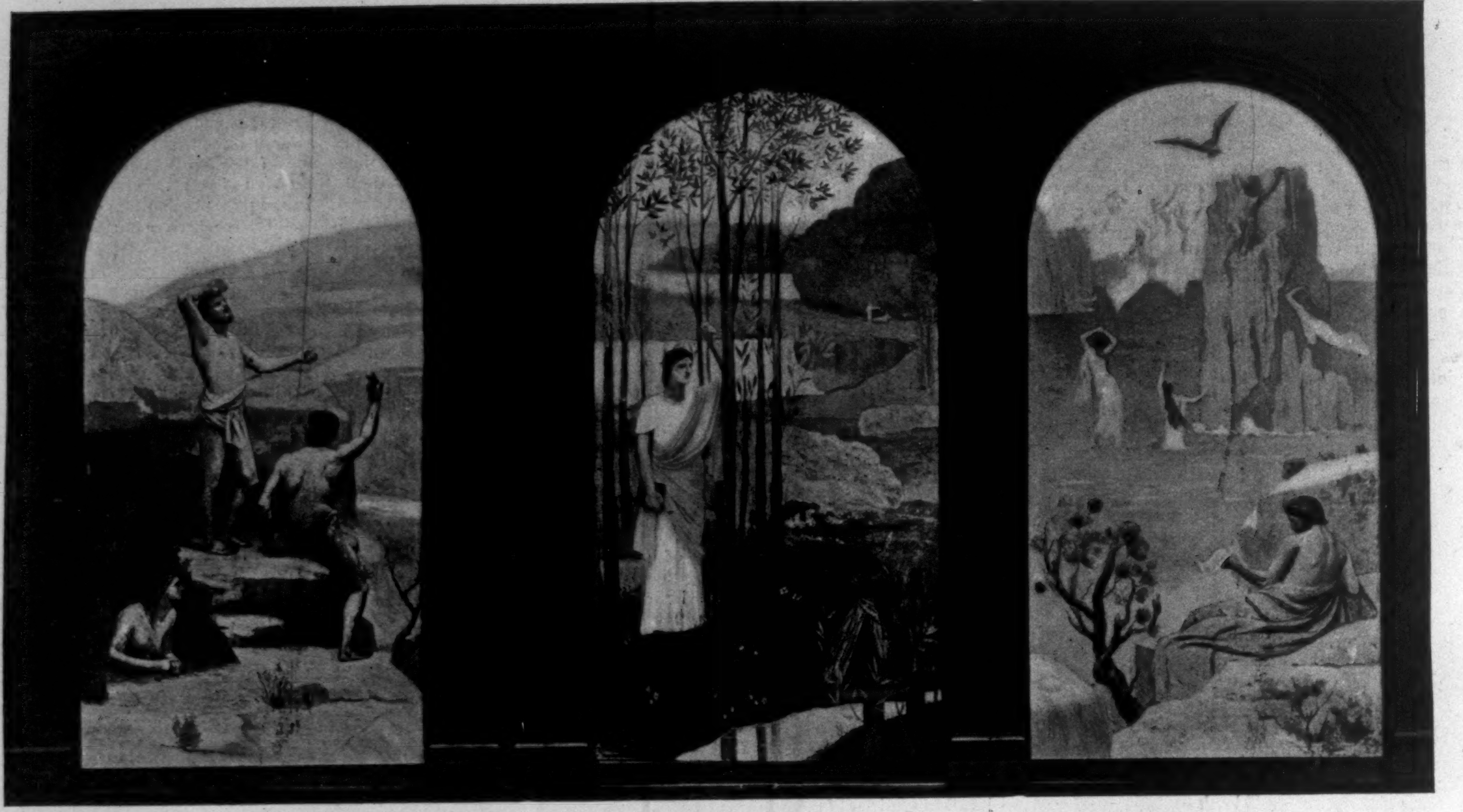
The only regrettable element in this episode is the failure to secure the money—a comparatively small sum—until the last moment, and then under an intense pressure of the women who are devoted to the college, and who were facing the danger of losing what they had hoped to gain through Barnard in the cause of the education of women. The energy that they brought to bear on the men and women who finally subscribed must have been produced and maintained at a painful expense of nervous force. It is not for New York men and women to be very proud of such an episode, for it means that the money essential to the continued life of Barnard had to be wrung from them by the hardest kind of work. And this should not have happened. In the present condition of the business of education it would have been a serious disaster to Columbia University if its recent celebration of its new site, signifying new life and a larger figure for it among the universities and colleges of the country, had been accompanied by the crippling, perhaps the ending, of its associated institution for women. There are rich women in New York who are abundantly able to keep Barnard College well nourished, and if they have the belief they ought to have, not in the capacity of women for the highest education, for that is no longer a question among the intelligent, but in the duty of rich women and men to provide the means for imparting that education, the hat need never again be passed around for this worthy institution in dire distress and distressing haste.

GO EASY, BICYCLISTS!

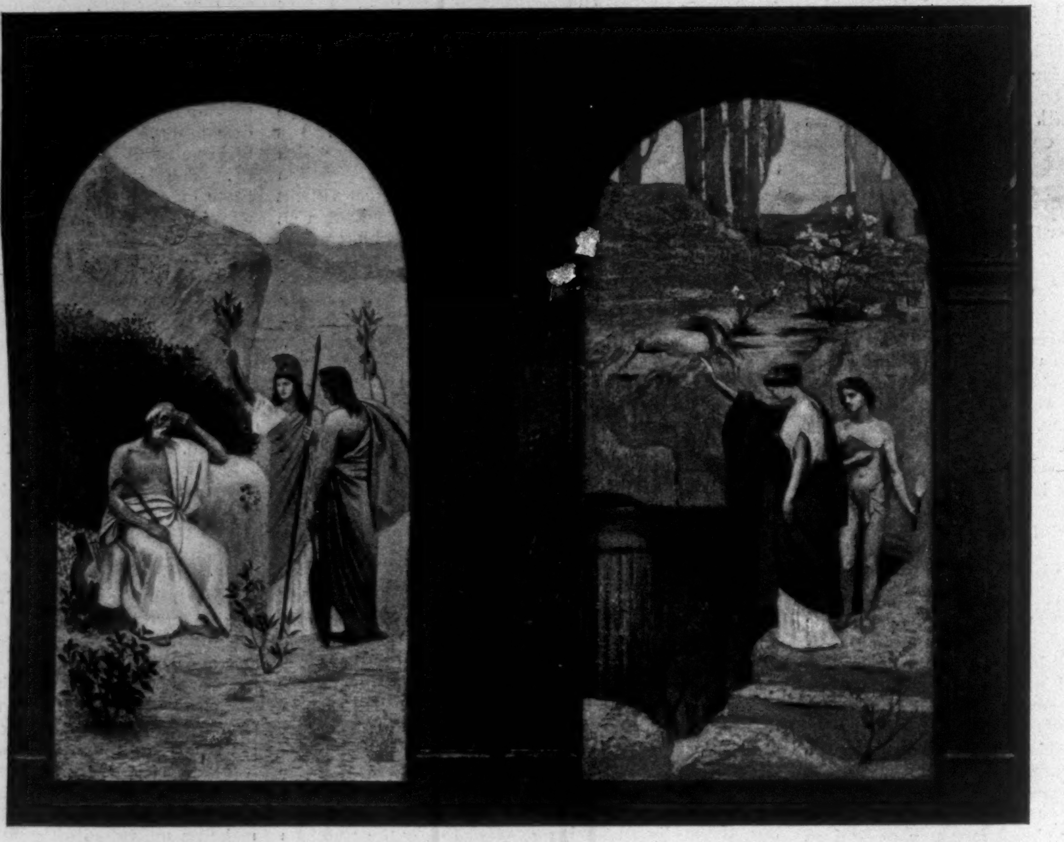
Inasmuch as the bicyclists are like the sands of the sea for multitude, and a large proportion of them are voters, and a great many of them tax-payers, it is a reasonable thing that their desires should have due consideration in every community. They seem to be very much alive to the reasonableness of this timely truth. Realizing that the earth had the disadvantage of being created before the bicycle, and that therefore it lacks many conveniences which are essential to the comfortable and satisfactory navigation of that machine, they are very cordially disposed to put it to rights and make it usable in their business. Such appliances of civilization as were developed before bicycles began they are ready to adopt and adapt so far as they can be made useful. They are not proud, neither are they intolerant. The roads that are in existence they are willing to use so far as they are suitable; they do not care, as a general thing, to exclude other vehicles from the highways; they do not insist that bicycle paths should be maintained between the rails of railroads; but what they do require they are urgent and highly successful in demanding. When the League of American Wheelmen makes a requisition upon a legislative body it is respected. The league decided that railroads in New York State ought to transport the vehicles of bicyclists who travel by rail without charge, and the Legislature of New York has ordered it done. It was held in New York city that pedestrians would be safer in the streets if the bicyclists were compelled to have brakes on their machines. The league thought brakes unnecessary, and the Common Council refused to require them. In some counties of the State—Monroe County, for one—some of the bicyclists proposed to tax all bicyclists one dollar apiece for the construction of cinder paths along the country roads. The Legislature, on their petition, promptly passed a bill ordaining that the tax should be laid; but other bicyclists objected, and the bill was recalled from the Governor before it became a law.

It is evident that the bicyclists in New York State are a very powerful body, and influential with the law-makers, and that when they are agreed touching their need of anything their wishes are likely to be respected. It seems not improper to remind them that power such as theirs involves heavy responsibilities; that they ought not to ask for anything that they do not really need, and not even for that unless it is compatible with the vested rights and interests of their fellow-citizens. They should remember that they were citizens before they were bicyclists, and are still citizens whenever by reason of a punctured tire or any temporary mischance they come for the moment into personal contact with earth. It would seem expedient for them to avoid thinking of themselves as a separate class in the community. The possession of a bicycle and the ability to propel it does indeed make an individual different from what he was before, and fills him with new needs and new aspirations. Still, in a great many particulars it leaves him unchanged. In very many relations of life bicyclists are still like other people. They are still sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, great-grandparents, property-owners, members of corporate bodies, wage-earners, consumers, voters, and many other things, and are subject to the duties as well as entitled to the privileges incident to those various conditions. They should never forget that their standing as human beings is worth even more attention than their status as bicyclists. At any moment any one of them may take a header in front of a cable-car and lose both legs, and never regain his seat. They should so regulate their desires that if that should happen they may not find themselves relegated to existence in a world in which no one but a bicyclist may find existence tolerable.

Be moderate, bicyclists! Practise self-restraint. This is your world just now. Share it mercifully and generously with those who from excessive youth, or inordinate age, or indigence, or infirmity, are not as you are. Whatever you insist upon having you can apparently acquire. Do not insist upon having the earth, but be content with such right of way over its surface as may make its primitive uses still feasible, and life upon it still worth living even for folks who do not go on wheels.



ASTRONOMY. PASTORAL POETRY. DRAMATIC POETRY.



EPIC POETRY. HISTORY.

THE FIVE NEW PANELS OF M. PUVIS DE CHAVANNES FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

CONTINUING his work for the Boston Public Library, M. Puvis de Chavannes exhibits at the present moment at the Salon of the Champ de Mars five new panels. Three more panels remain to be executed, so that another year will elapse before the completion of the artist's task.

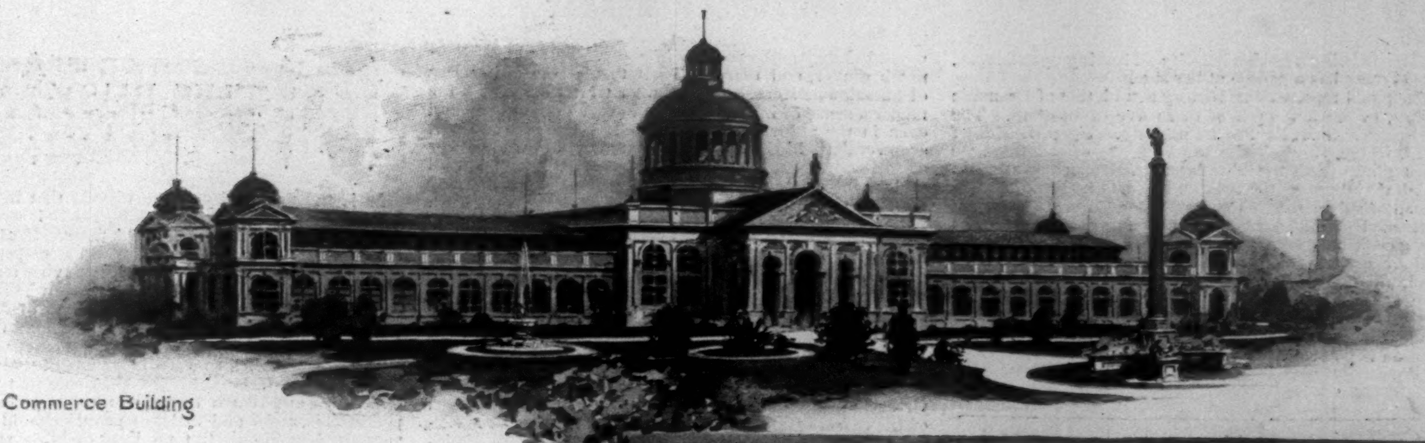
In the five new panels, a reproduction of which we give herewith, M. Puvis de Chavannes has developed in separate paintings the general idea expressed in the composition shown last year—the history of the human mind retraced in admirable pages where allegory and truth are combined in a harmonious and serious unity. Astronomy, History, Pastoral, Dramatic, and Epic Poetry are the subjects of the panels exhibited this year.

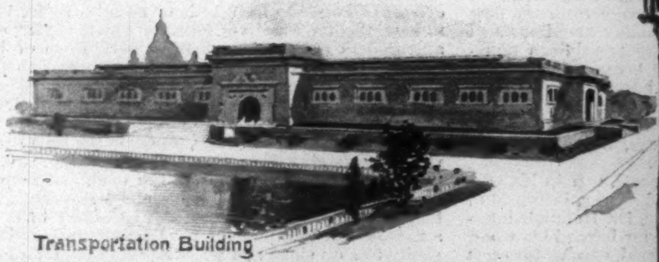
The artist has very happily taken the motives of his composition from the past. For Astronomy, M. Puvis de Chavannes has gone back to the very origin of this science, and thereby found the highest inspiration for the rendering of his idea in a manner that is as new as it is decorative. He has represented, in a mountainous landscape and under a serene and starry canopy, the Chaldean shepherds observing with the naked eye the course of the stars, and following their trace in the luminous heavens. Near by, under a rustic tent, a woman interrupts her sleep to enjoy with them this calm and sublime spectacle.

Pastoral Poetry is incarnated in Virgil. Wrapped in a drapery of a tender blue, which covers his white tunic, the poet of the Eclogues, leaning against a clump of young laurel-trees, abandons himself to the contemplation of a landscape that is well suited for inspiring noble conceptions. In a softly undulating meadow a limpid stream winds slowly around, while the ground gradually rises in the distance to low hills bordered at their base by thick woods. Scattered about in the meadow among the bristling rocks are browsing calves, while others quench their thirst in the brook. In the foreground are straw hives full of honey.

Æschylus represents Dramatic Poetry. Clothed in a mauve drapery that leaves his robust form partly uncovered, he is seated in the opening of a rock on the border of a cliff dotted here and there with slender pine-trees. In front of him and stretching far away is the blue sea, studded with gray islets and sharp rocks. Upon one of these rocks in the middle of the ocean a human form is enchained, while above it a vulture floats with outstretched wings in the azure sky; this human form is Prometheus, whom the gods have just condemned to a cruel punishment for having transmitted the sacred fire to mortals. The ocean nymphs rise in groups from the water, and floating around the rock in the pure air, try by their songs to soften the pain of this persecuted genius. This evocation, in the surroundings where Æschylus once lived, of the subject that he was the first to place upon the stage is an inspiration of genius on the part of the painter, for the subject is purely intellectual, the transmission of the sacred fire to man symbolizing in the Greek legend the awakening of thought. We may add that the composition of this panel presents an almost improbable unity, landscape and figures holding together as in a scene copied directly from nature, while the harmony of the tones and the stateliness of the lines combine to make it a superb piece of work.

Epic Poetry is naturally personified in Homer. Placed in surroundings similar to those of Æschylus, but differently arranged, the old blind man is absorbed in a profound revery, which is interrupted by his two creations, the Iliad and the Odyssey, each one presenting him an oak branch or a laurel. The Iliad appears in the shape of a female


Commerce Building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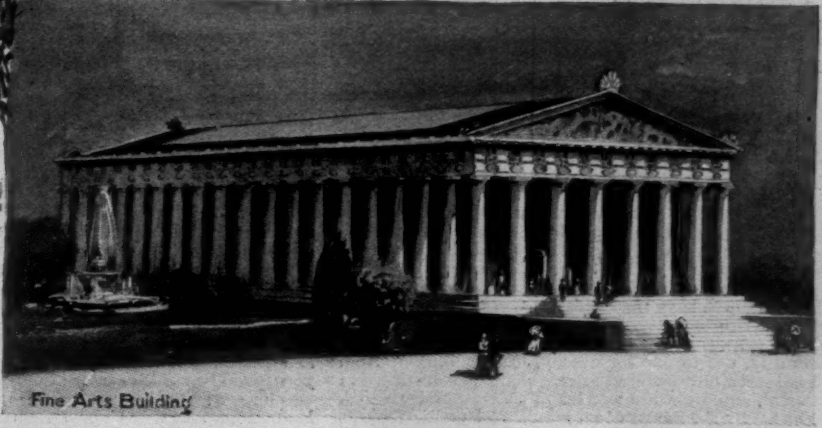
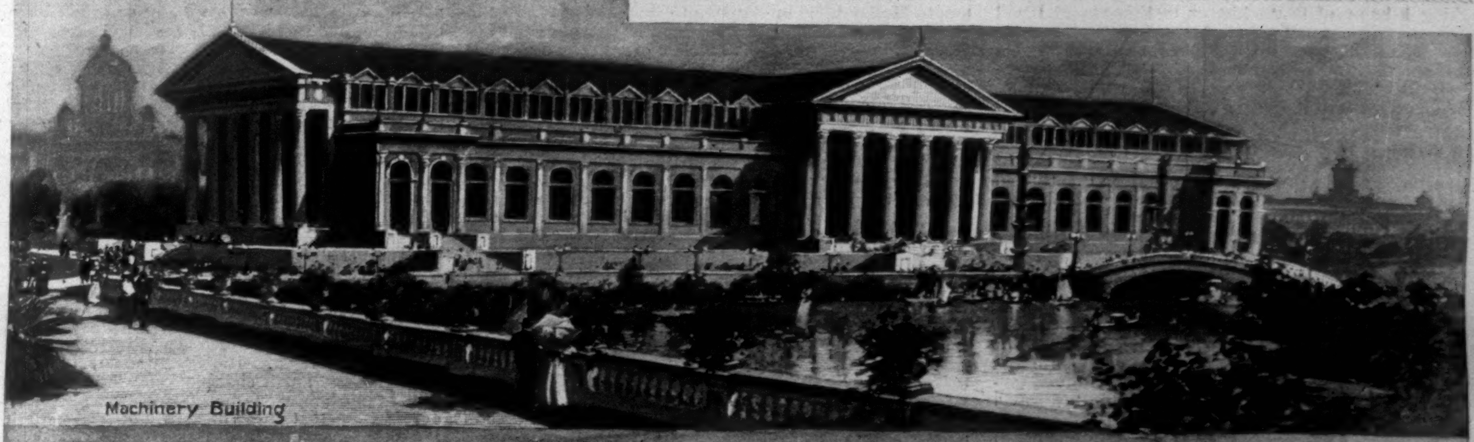
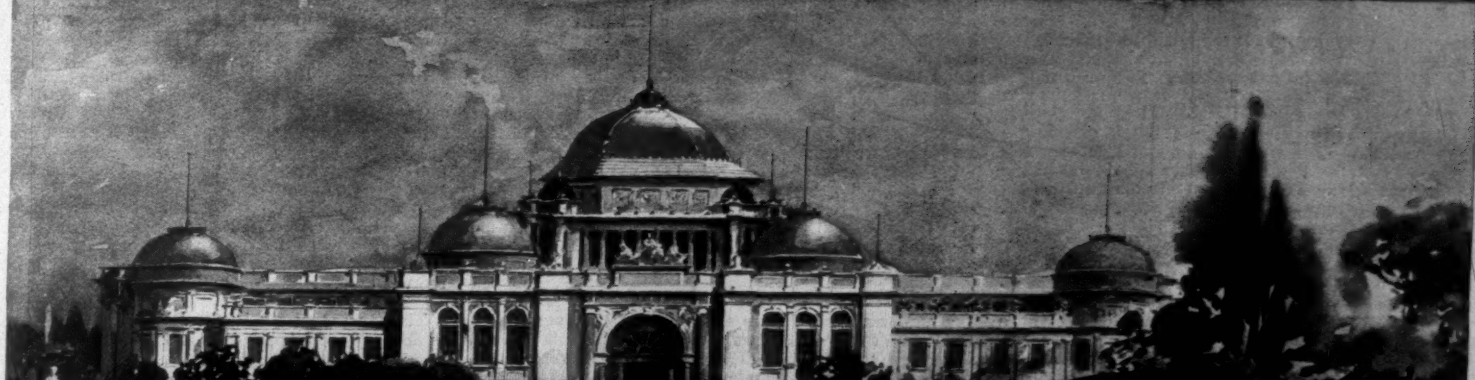
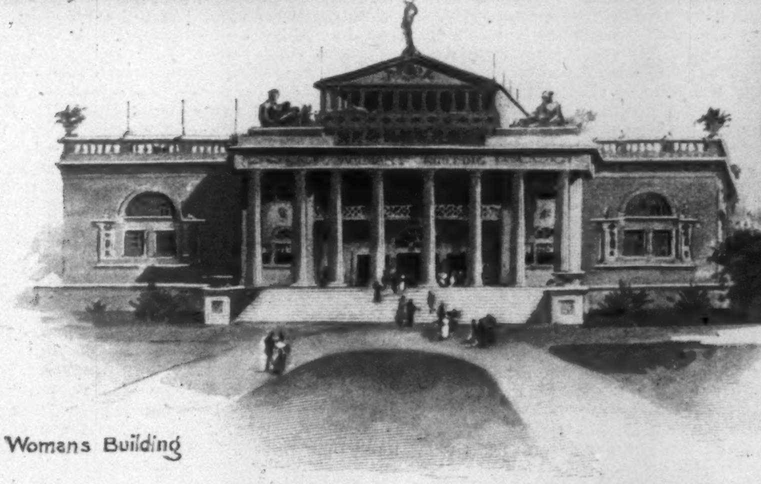
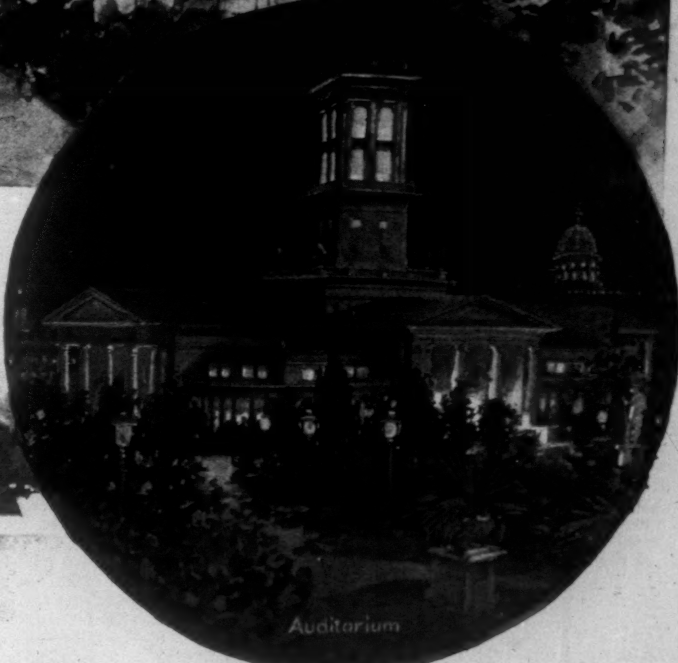

Fine Arts Building


Machinery Building


Agriculture Building


Womans Building


Auditorium

BUILDINGS OF THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 522.]

warrior wearing a golden helmet and leaning upon a lance; the Odyssey has a paddle at her side.

The panel representing History is, with that of Dramatic Poetry, in the first rank of these five decorations. The landscape is unrivalled in its majesty. Upon the side of a hill, where, through the top branches of tall trees, we catch glimpses of the blue heavens, is an excavation in which may be seen the column of a Doric temple among a heap of ruins; this is the past buried beneath the dust of time. Upon the border of the opening a woman clothed in a garnet mantle and crowned with laurel is accompanied by a genius who holds the torch of Science in his hand, this is History. Leaning over the ancient ruins, the woman, by her upraised finger and the movement of her lips, questions History, and summons him in the name of the divine powers to reveal to her his secret. The impression is powerfully striking

LIFE AND LETTERS

I WISH I could know what impression of Dr. Holmes's growth and final measure Mr. John T. Morse's volumes of his biography and correspondence would give one who had not been personally a witness of his life, and who preferably was not of his time. This means posterity, of course, and externality, and these, when I come to think of it, both have their disadvantages. Perhaps what I really desire for a criticism of the man is the judgment of some contemporary and acquaintance who could miraculously, not to say impossibly, liberate himself from the influence of a personality singularly penetrating and powerful, and from the wonder of a development which was as nearly the image of an intellectual palingenesis as anything I know of in the history of literature. I will frankly own that I am not qualified to do this, and so far I feel my judgment disabled; yet I will hazard the opinion that these volumes will arrange for the reader a perspective in which Oliver Wendell Holmes will be more justly and truly seen than ever before.

I.

Mr. Morse's admirable work has been done quietly and modestly throughout, and I have noted only one important error. It is such an error as one knowing Dr. Holmes near at hand in his greater second period would naturally make; but it is none the less a mistake to say that up to the time he began to write the Autocrat papers "his name had scarcely been heard outside of the small town of Boston," and if it is true that he was known to his fellow-Bostonians "only as a clever man, a medical professor who lectured creditably, a poet whose lines were good enough to have been once or twice gathered into a volume, a shrewd humorist, a merry wit.... of much usefulness upon so-called 'occasions,'" then his townsmen were ignorant of the value of a man who had already given proofs of his rare quality. They were not all so ignorant, however, as we can very well believe from the fact that Lowell made it "a condition precedent" when he consented to edit the Atlantic Monthly, that Holmes should promise to contribute. But even if this prophet was without due honor in his own house, he was not so in his own country. His verse had not, indeed, wings to bear his name beyond seas, but it carried his fame far and wide in his native land, and I will venture to say that even before the noonday splendors of the Autocrat his fame was as brilliant and pervasive among the Americans as that of any of the great New England group of writers.

II.

If he had not already been a man of celebrity his religious opinions would not have concerned the whole nation (it was a day of smaller things than this, I own) as they did, or kindled the wrath of those who thought themselves truer believers, to the uttermost bounds of the Union in all directions. It seems very droll, nowadays, that the mild, optimistic liberalism of Dr. Holmes should ever have been thought heresy dangerous to religion, and that he should have been plentifully abused as an infidel. I fancy that the outburst somewhat surprised him, and that he certainly realized from the blaze of straw something of the discomfort of the martyr in his shirt of fire. He knew that it quite burnt itself out almost a generation before he died, but it had been hot enough while it lasted, and he was rather fond, in talk at least, of poking about in its ashes, and trying to divine the cause of the conflagration. This was partly from intellectual curiosity, and partly from the hurt it had given to an essentially religious nature, and the wish to right himself with himself in such an intimate and important matter. As a young man he was promptly in revolt against the faith of his fathers, but it was not for nothing that he was born of the Brahminical caste. Religion, the will to live justly in this world with the hope of happiness in the next, was in his blood, and he knew it was for religion's sake that he had broken with the creeds. The wounds dealt him in that now incredible persecution remained with him, though we can see now that they were as elemental in their origin as any effect of heat or cold, wet or drouth, as purely and merely natural. There is a little group of letters in these volumes beginning in 1860 and ending in 1883, expressing to Mr James William Kimball with admirable patience and seriousness the mind of a man who never dealt lightly or failed to feel deeply upon this great concern, which I should think any survivors of the Autocrat's theologized assailants would find edifying.

III.

The letters throughout are singularly good and of very even tone and quality. There is little or nothing of the frolic gayety which expressed the author's artistic temperament in certain of his verses; his spiritual temperament, if I may make such a difference, seems to have been much graver, and revealed itself to his friends in terms of affectionate sincerity and candor which leave with the reader a sense of his conscience in every detail of life and even in the ardor of friendship. His letters to Lowell are peculiarly illustrative of this point, and they are every one of value. A very long one replying to an appeal of Lowell's in his fervid reforming days for something more of outrightness in the elder poet (they were both young men) on behalf of the causes then moving the world, such as temperance, antislavery, peace, and poverty, is, I think, an exemplary word in defence of the æsthetic nature which does not feel itself called to be polemic. The friends were then still Dear Sirs to each other, and so they were when Holmes acknowledged a copy of Sir Launfal, and made some criticisms upon it which will give the reader perhaps a juster notion of the Mutual Admiration Society of Boston than he has held. The great Bostonians of that day admired each other's virtues, not the defects of those virtues, and they treated of the defects frankly and freely, but with a self-respectful decency which might still have a lesson in it. With Holmes the love of Lowell's work seems to have outgrown doubt at last, though indeed the letters latterly are to Lowell the friend, the statesman, the patriot, rather than the poet. It is a little pathetic to read in one of them that Holmes having had a message from the new Democratic President upon his birthday had improved the occasion to urge him to keep the Republican representative at St. James in his place because he was the fittest possible man for it. We all know that the President did not do this; and the letters afterwards only express the longing of all Lowell's friends to have him home again in the old circumstance, which of course could never be the old circumstance.

To Motley he wrote of public events, and in his self-election to the office of keeping the historian informed of the fact and feeling of our war-time, Dr. Holmes's interest in public affairs was sharpened far beyond his wont. He had indeed personal, he had paternal, reasons for great and poignant concern in the war, for the distinguished jurist who began his career as a soldier in the tented field was his son; but it was as a citizen and a patriot that Dr. Holmes felt and wrote about the rebellion. In these letters to Motley there are bursts of emotion that typify the mood of the time, and are significant historically; but are less characteristic of the man than of other men around him. Somehow, though I find them so sincere, and so just, even, I do not find them so lastingly important, as I do, say, the spirit of his letters home from Paris during the brief years he spent there as a student of medicine. These strike me as very uncommon, and at the same time very representative; they express an individual quality, and yet they identify the youth who writes them as of a certain order of young manhood proper to his race and place: clean, alert, studious, brave, proud, high hearted, and strong-willed; the young manhood of Boston, of New England, of all America, at its best. He knew quite perfectly what he had gone to Paris for, and he was no more likely to be turned from his purpose by the temptations of the gay capital than by the admonitions of the Cambridge household which denied itself to send him abroad for the science not to be had at home. It is amusing and yet it is something vastly more than amusing, when he has to turn upon his cautioners and tell them that he cannot and will not eat a twenty-five-cent dinner washed down with sour wine, and that for less than twelve hundred dollars a year for all expenses he cannot live in Paris.

The fact must have come with a shock to the simple household of the orthodox minister accustomed to the careful economies of New England life in the early thirties. But it is very frankly declared, and the resolution to guard a certain decorum, a certain dignity of living, was characteristic of the man. The spirit is not the spirit of the life-long Emerson, it is not the spirit of the early Lowell; but I doubt if, "in his nerves," Holmes was any more Tory than either of these. I should not be ready to say that his ideal was lower, though his spirit had no cloudy range; it kept the earth, the world, the street, the city house in full sight, and it valued the social forms in which the conclusions of the ages have been cast.

IV.

Mr. Morse speaks more than once of that sunny distinctness of thought and expression, which doubtless cost Dr. Holmes something of the star-led admiration that followed Emerson. People could not believe that a man so perfectly intelligible could be profoundly wise. He was nothing orphic, nothing nebulous; if one could read, one could hardly fail of his meaning. I can understand why this should cause him to be undervalued, but I am not willing to admit that for this reason he was inferior. It is possible that the man who gets his whole meaning out has had as much to get out, as the man who seems to succeed in but partly uttering himself. Mystic, Holmes might be, because in the true sense all New England was mystical, but mysterious he never was. Perhaps he did his sunlight wrong by letting it fall so often upon questions of minor importance, like etiquette and behavior, if these are questions of minor importance; but I am not sure. If he wrote of such things, Emerson wrote of them, too. Of course, the point of view matters a good deal.

What perhaps wronged his fame most was his facility, and his love of the applause that comes to felicitous occasionality. But this could affect his local fame only. Outside of Boston no one could feel the defect of his virtue of spontaneity; and I think the effect of reading his life and letters will be to confirm him in his real greatness in the reader's mind. He was a doughty little giant, as every one must own who follows him in the few events and the many thoughts of his extremely quiet career. From Cambridge to Paris and from Paris back to Boston; from Montgomery Place to Charles Street, and from Charles Street to Beacon; from Pittsfield to Beverley Farms; from Boston to England and back · these changes describe the orbit in which this brilliant luminary moved; but all of human nature revolved under him, and he cast as piercing a ray into the heart and mind of man as if he encircled the globe in his course. He was untravelled, as the Athenians and Florentines were untravelled; and with as passionate a love for his own city as a man could well have, he was no more cockney in soul than the Athenians and Florentines were.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

IT is the peculiarity of the bicycle that it can't wait. It can slow up and it can deviate, but if it stops entirely it falls down and incommodes its rider. Because of this inability of his machine, the bicyclist is disposed to take more liberal chances of accident in navigating the highway than he otherwise would. The New York consulate of the L. A.W. has petitioned the Board of Aldermen to compel persons who drive heavy wagons and rubber-tired carriages in the streets to provide themselves with bells or whistles, wherewith to warn bicyclists of their approach. The consulate feels that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways, and that if bicyclists must have bells to warn pedestrians, team and carriage people should have bells to warn bicyclists. But no kind of horse-vehicle is as noiseless as a bicycle. Even when a vehicle has rubber tires, the horse that draws it is usually shod with iron, and makes clatter enough when he approaches for the average bicyclist to hear. There is not the same necessity for drivers of horses to have bells or whistles as for bicycles to have them. Moreover, a driver who is paying enough attention to passing bicyclists to warn them of his approach will almost always be vigilant enough to pull up in time to avoid running over any of them.

Bicyclists have rights in the streets, and their rights should be respected, and no wagoner or carriage person should be encouraged to be careless in the least degree of their safety. But they also have obligations, and one of them is to respect the rules of the road, and keep out of the way of the carriages just as much as possible. The bicycle's superior nimbleness and its ability to travel on a narrow track impose duties upon it, just as its incapacity to stop short and wait imposes obligations of forbearance on drivers of vehicles. The bicyclist's duty is to keep out of the way as much as is reasonably feasible; the duty of drivers is to give the bicyclist as much of the road as he needs, to look out for him, not to crowd him, not to get in his way when it can be avoided, and not to bring him to a standstill. Every bicyclist who is anxious to have action taken in the interest of bicyclists, for the better regulation of driving in the streets, should try to get a little practical experience of the other side of the question. He knows that in streets crowded with bicycles and horse-vehicles the bicyclist has to look sharp to avoid being run over. But probably he will never know, until he tries it, how much dexterity it takes for a driver to steer his vehicle among the bicycles without accident. The habits of drivers are fairly well ascertained, and one can usually determine with some accuracy what course a vehicle will take; but where a bicyclist, and a she-bicyclist especially, will turn, or what rule of the road she goes by, is never certain until she is past.

It seems a pity that H. C. Bunner, dead now thirty years before his time, could not have saved more of his energies for the work which he did best, and which he did to such perfection. His best was so admirably good! There was so much charming and finished literature in him, so much rejuvenating and musical verse, that it seems aggravating that so great a part of his strength should have been spent on perishable work—very good of its kind, but never indispensable, and done only as part of the routine of his profession. There are plenty of men who devote themselves to literature who could be spared without embarrassment to the uses of journalism, but Bunner was not of that number. He had intelligence of a quality that one might venture to call "precious," if silly writers have not made that word ridiculous. It was rare and very delightful. It gave his stories their atmosphere, and to the best of his verses their charm. The man who wrote "Arcady" and "Love in Olde Cloathes" was not a man whom we could spare for ordinary tasks, and not at all a man whom we could spare out of the world altogether at forty. He owed us more than we got from him, and though he paid much, we would have gladly gathered in the whole debt.

The report that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has taken a home in England for a term of years, coupled with the news of occurrences that have made his life at Brattleboro uncomfortable for the time at least, makes it seem probable that America will see less of him for some years to come than of late. The very extended publicity which has been given to his row with his brother-in-law is evidence of his renown, and of the acute interest which the makers of American newspapers, and no doubt the readers of them, too, take in his personal affairs. The row itself was only important because Mr. Kipling was a party to it. The testimony, mainly his own, taken at the examination before a Vermont justice, attributes to him much solicitude, kindness, and good-will towards his wife's brother, with results that were painful and disappointing. Helping a ne'er-do-well is a business by itself that offers large and continuous employment for energy, enthusiasm, perseverance, and discretion. Persons who would succeed at all in it must carefully obey two rules—first, never expect anything; second, never stop trying. The first of these rules is for the benefit of the experimenter, to save him the anguish of constant disappointment; the second is for the good of the *corpus vile* of the attempt. If, as appears, Mr. Kipling has adventured this experiment, it is not surprising that he should have come to partial grief, for he seems not to have held strictly to either of these essential rules. He seems to have expected, and consequently to have been jarred by the dropping of the bottom out of his hopes; and he also seems to have stopped trying—not willingly, but because it seemed to be forced upon him. But he seems hardly to be blamed, for the rules of vicarious reform are obscure, and not to be ascertained without actual experience.

Of course Barnard College raised the hundred thousand dollars she had to have before May 10, to pay off the mortgage on her uptown site, and secure the further hundred thousand dollars which had been offered to her for a new building on condition that the mortgage was lifted. She raised it, but she had to scramble for it, and it is very much to the credit of her backers that their zeal was qualified by such discretion and such respect for the rights of property that no one of them is liable to indictment for highway robbery or breaking into a bank. The story of the raise is full of breathlessness, sensation, and hair-breadth escapes. The necessary amount was not made up until nine o'clock on the evening of May 9. On May 8, when there was $48,000 still lacking, an unknown, who turned out to be Mr. John D. Rockefeller, offered to give $25,000 in case the remaining $23,000 could be raised in time. It was raised the next day, but it did not come in. It was necessary to go out and seize it and fetch it in by main force, and the requisite force was available and was used. Of the missing hundred thousand dollars Mr. Rockefeller gave $25,000; Seth Low, Mrs. Hackley, and "Anonymous" gave $10.000 each; Mr. Schiff gave $8000; Mrs. Stranahan, Mr. Bloomingdale, Mrs. Olcott, Mrs. Vanderbilt, and "A Friend" gave $5000 each; "A Friend" gave $4400; six persons, three of them anonymous, gave $1000 each; three persons gave $500 each, and another the $100 which made up the amount. Twenty-two thousand four hundred dollars was given by anonymous donors, $27,600 by women who gave their names, the other $50,000 by men. It is a good while since so interesting a collection has been taken up in New York. The result sets Barnard on her legs, and practically insures her a suitable and permanent domicile.

On May 11 the 200th anniversary of the granting of the charter of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in the city of New York was celebrated at the Fifth Avenue Collegiate Church, on the corner of Forty-eighth Street. The Dutch Church has been in existence in New York for 268 years, and has prospered. It has always been strong in the faith, and for a great many years past it has been greatly respected, both for treasures laid up in heaven and for large and valuable landed possessions on earth. It was the first Church in New York to get a charter, in which achievement it preceded Trinity Church by one year. Both charters were granted by Governor Fletcher, and a clause in the later one expressly provides against the abridgment of the rights and privileges conferred in the earlier. These two charters, and no others, were granted in New York before the Revolution. The Dutch Church especially values the priority of its charter, because the existence of it was an effectual obstacle to the establishment of the Church of England in New York as a state church. As Dr. Coe said in his address at the anniversary exercises, "the collection of church rates from the freeholders of the colony for the Episcopal Church could not be successfully made where any other churches were thus recognized as established by law."

Here is a nice little story. When the two Princeton students were shot, about a year ago, it was determined that an immediate operation might save the life of the one whose case was worst, and Dr. Bull, of New York, was summoned by telegraph. The message reached him after midnight. He went at once to Jersey City and asked for a special train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The agent said he must deposit $200, and promise to pay any further bill that might be sent. He did, and got his engine and car. Some time after he wrote and asked for his bill. Instead of getting it, he received back the $200 that he had deposited, and a note saying the company could make no charge for a service done "in the interest of suffering humanity." Very pretty behavior for a "soulless corporation," wasn't it?

A newspaper paragraph, which seems to need explanation, states that one of the editors of the *Brown* (University) *Magazine* has been suspended for cribbing an article of President Andrews's and signing his own name to it as the author. They have had a good deal of trouble this year at Brown in trying to suppress the practice of plagiarism among the students, but if it is true that the student editor has stolen the thunder of the very Brown Jupiter himself, it would seem that the plagiaristic tendencies of the Brown young men must be desperately acute. Either there is a mistake somewhere, or else the editor has been having fun with his president.

Report says that Yale was excessively elated at the victory of her debaters over Harvard on May 1, and that Harvard was correspondingly depressed. It is amusing to find in a New Haven letter to the *Evening Post* the cry of "professionalism" already raised in this new sport. The *Post's* Yale correspondent says that both the Yale and Harvard teams were coached by members of their respective faculties to a degree that is grievous in the eyes of conscientious amateurs. Harvard's defeat is attributed at Cambridge to a defect in the presentation of her case. Presentation, it seems, has heretofore been her strong point; but her presentation at New Haven was, for some reason, not so puzzling as it should have been, and the Yale speakers scored off of it without difficulty. Opportunities for Harvard and Yale to try conclusions are not abundant enough this year for any victory in any field of endeavor to fail of full appreciation. E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE end of things came with the first week of May in Chicago, as far as musical and dramatic affairs are concerned. That week brought with Madame Bernhardt the last important theatrical event of the season, and also witnessed the final concerts of the Chicago Orchestra. The great actress appeared in eight plays—ranging all the way from *Phèdre* to *Magda*—during the week, and performed to houses that were filled in spite of the oppressive heat. Mr. Thomas crowned the concert season with a programme that included the First and the Ninth symphonies of Beethoven—the latter with the assistance of the Apollo Club chorus—and nearly five thousand persons were present, although the temperature was in the neighborhood of the nineties. It is pleasant to be able to state that the receipts of the orchestra have this year come nearer than ever before to meeting the expenses. The exact figures have not been made up, but the deficit will be noticeably less than in the past, and the self-supporting point is almost in view. A good deal of the credit for this satisfactory condition of things must be given to a woman, Miss Anna Millar, who has carried on the practical business management of the orchestra with a remarkable degree of success. Over a hundred concerts have been given in Chicago and elsewhere during a little more than six months. The twenty-two programmes played in Chicago have included a hundred and ten orchestral numbers, sixteen of them being symphonies. Among the composers represented, Wagner heads the list, as usual, for nothing is now more certain of success with a Chicago audience than a programme partly or wholly made up of Wagnerian selections. There are indications, however, that Brahms is soon to have an inning. Mr. Thomas has played him a good deal of late, he figures more and more in the concerts of the chamber-music organizations, and the Twentieth Century Club closed its season the other day with a Brahms evening. Mr. W. F. Apthorp came from Boston to make the address, which was illustrated by songs and chamber music, and listened to by an audience that packed the little theatre in Mr. Pullman's house, where the affair took place.

An interesting educational experiment is to be tried in Chicago this summer. A number of philanthropically minded ladies and gentlemen have got permission from the Board of Education to use several of the public-school buildings for vacation schools. The idea is to collect the children of the slums during the hot summer months, and to invest school with unwonted associations for them by making the work attractive. Such things as games, light carpentry, and field excursions for flowers are the means by which it is expected to gild the didactic pill and delude the unsuspecting children into the belief that work is play. Actual instruction is, of course, to be hardly more than an incidental object with these schools, their main purpose being to brighten the lives of a lot of children who would otherwise be left to their own resources and exposed to the temptations of the street. The experiment is certainly worth trying, and something of the sort has, I believe, already proved highly successful in other cities.

The so-called "Russian thistle," or "tumbleweed," has found its way to the vicinity of Chicago, as it was sure to do sooner or later, and is causing no little annoyance to the farmers of northern Illinois and Indiana. It came, of course, along the railway lines with the stock-cars, and great patches of it are now found on the outskirts of the city. It first got a foothold in this country over twenty years ago, having been brought by some Russian colonists who settled in the Northwest. It soon took firm possession of the Dakotas, and began to spread itself over a dozen other States and Territories. It is a pest that promises to make more trouble than the Canada thistle ever did. Already it causes a loss of several millions annually to the farmers of the Northwest, and its ravages are increasing every year. Thus far science has been appealed to almost in vain for some effective means of getting rid of this extremely unwelcome immigrant.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, having finished its serious season, has lightly taken to the "Pop Concerts"; so that for the next few weeks the public can have good music for a small fee, and smoke and be merry over mild cups at the same time. It is a pity that such civilizing amusements are not to be had in every American city. It is interesting to note that an experiment in giving good operas at "popular prices" has also been very successful here during the present season.

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company is getting ready for a peaceful invasion of England. This dread array of warriors is justly celebrated for variety of uniforms and for their prowess as trenchermen. On their annual election day the Governor dines with them in state at Faneuil Hall, and after the feast he invests the newly made officers with "spontoons" and their other insignia of office. The Common resounds with martial music, the roar of field-pieces, and the small boy is delighted for once with the performances of the grown-up people. The Prince of Wales is an honorary member of the Artillery Company.

It is proposed to preserve, as a memorial to James Russell Lowell, that part of "Elmwood" which has been offered for sale. The money for the purpose must be raised by June 15. It is to be hoped that the poet's "life-long leafy friends" which welcomed him as a "free companion of the earth" will be preserved, so that other poets, whether of the writing or the silent kind, may in many Junes to come lie beneath them—

> "While the blithe season comforts every sense,
> Steeps all the brain in rest and heals the breast."

The Harvard Freshmen delighted everybody by easily winning the class race. A Freshman crew has not won this race since 1880, and it is hailed as a good omen that such promising youngsters are coming along to bring the crimson to the fore.

The annual attempt is being made in the Massachusetts Legislature to amend the law of libel so that a retraction of the libel made after a demand by the aggrieved person shall reduce the damages to only such as he shall specially allege and prove.

In the hands of a moderately acute newspaper man a retraction can easily be made as painful to endure as the original statement, as, for instance, "We are called upon to state that we were mistaken when we said that Bishop —— was arrested last evening for stealing milk from cans upon the doorsteps when returning to his house at his customary hour." And the next day the bishop would be gratified by seeing this amendment: "We were mistaken in stating that the worthy bishop never comes home until morning. He does so occasionally."

However desirable it may be to free newspapers from the attacks of blackmailers, it is to be hoped that this new doctrine that retraction cures the libel will not be established by the Legislature of any of our States.

J. T. W.

NEW ORLEANS.

THE city delegation of New Orleans elected to the Legislature last month is one of the youngest ever known, and will average barely thirty years of age. When the country members, who are mainly graybeards, met these boys they were shocked at the change from Louisiana precedents. Both of the recent political revolutions in Louisiana, in 1884 and 1896, have been won by very young men, who easily defeated the oldest and shrewdest city politicians, which would seem to indicate that city and ward politics is not a very difficult science. At every point "these young dudes," as they were styled, checkmated and defeated the "bosses" of New Orleans, who have made politics a study, and who have lived by it all their lives.

One of the fruits of the victory won by the Citizens' League, the municipal reform association which carried New Orleans at the election last month, will be a brand-new city charter, different from anything ever seen here before, "up to date," and of a radically reform type. One of the most novel and striking features, which will go into operation at once, is the introduction of the civil service rules for all city offices, save a few confidential ones. In no city in this country has the spoils system been more brutal than in New Orleans, and nobody can predict what will be the effects of this innovation. The Citizens' League finds the civil service system absolutely essential to municipal reform, as it has very nearly been wrecked on the shoals of office-seeking. Out of 18,000 white men who voted for "reform," over 3500, or one in five, asked for office as a reward for their services—and there were only a few offices to give out. This is probably below the average in Louisiana, where one in every forty white men holds public office, and one in every four is a standing candidate for it.

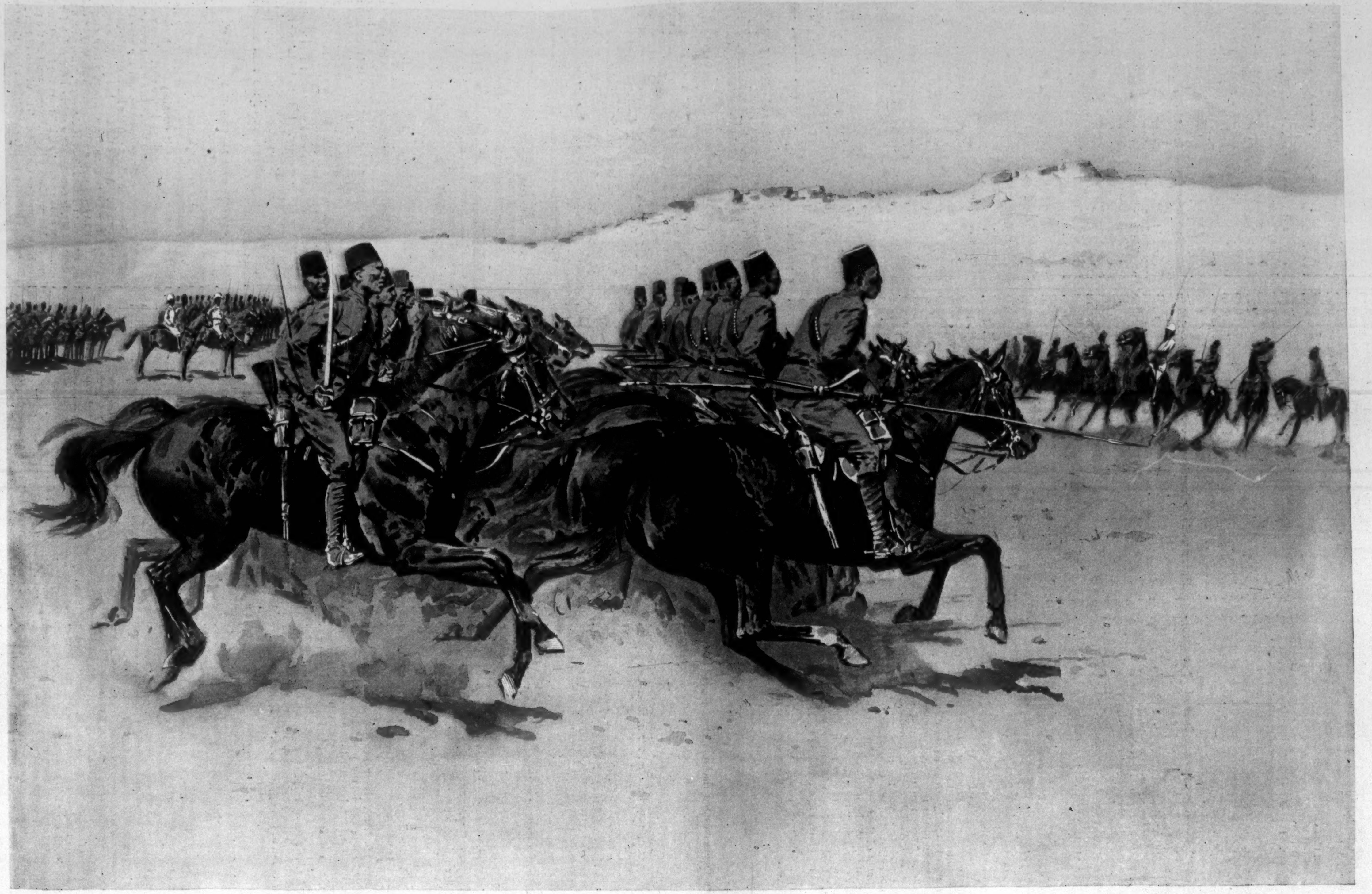
The new Legislature, which met this month, will arrange to move the capital of Louisiana back to New Orleans. This game of shuttlecock has been going on for the past eighty years, or ever since Louisiana became a State, the capital being moved to and from New Orleans every few years. Nearly every town in the State—Donaldsonville, Shreveport, Alexandria, and Baton Rouge—has, at one time or another, enjoyed this honor. Whenever New Orleans is the capital, the people from the country districts complain of the corrupting influence of a great city on the legislators, and the State-House is removed to some rural and moral town. Then comes a howl from the legislators and all those who have to go before the Legislature of the dreary and monotonous horrors of a small country town in the South which cannot accommodate the rush, and where visitors are half starved and altogether overcharged. Just now the State is suffering from the lack of accommodations, for there is a big rush at Baton Rouge. So New Orleans will be tried again as the capital for the eighth time. The worst sufferers are the publishers of geographies and the school-children, who can never be quite sure that they have the capital of Louisiana right.

Owners of Creole antiquities and relics in Louisiana have just received an unpleasant shock. Several Northern dealers in antiquities and bric-à-brac rummaged among the Creole households of Louisiana a few years ago and unearthed and carried off almost priceless treasures, mainly in china-ware and furniture, brought here by the early French settlers, who were generally cadets of good family or émigrés during the early days of the French Revolution. Two New Orleans bankers who thought that there were still more important art treasures hidden here, "blushing unseen," started, some five years ago, to make a collection of paintings brought over by the early French settlers. A *connaisseur*, who took charge of the paintings, was certain that there were some really valuable ones among these family heirlooms. The collection, which has been steadily growing for the past five years, was shipped to Paris a few weeks ago, as it was thought that the paintings would bring better prices there, besides being "authenticated." A cable message has exploded the bubble. The French critics pronounce the paintings "no good," and not genuine, and they will be shipped back to New Orleans if they are worth the expense of shipping. Those who are "out" on this art transaction are unable to understand why the French émigrés clung to paintings which were of no value whatever, for there is no question of their having been brought over here and treasured, many of them for over a century, in Creole families. The émigrés, at least those who went to Louisiana, were evidently not good judges of art. N. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

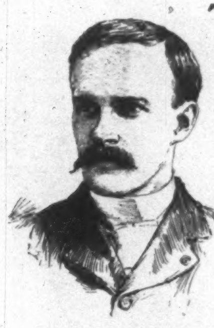
THE fiesta craze which has been raging throughout the State has now attacked San Francisco. The sight of all the smaller towns covering themselves with glory and filling their pockets with dollars has awakened a like ambition in the city by the Golden Gate. It is too late this year for anything of the sort, but it is suggested that it is a good time for a movement to be started for the institution of a fiesta next spring. With its unrivalled flower supply and its strangely picturesque foreign population, San Francisco ought to give a carnival that would be without peer in the country. It is to be hoped that by combination of the various business organizations from $50,000 to $60,000 could be raised. This would be sufficient to defray the expenses of the most sumptuous fiesta California has yet seen.

The event of the week has been the Woman's Congress. This is its third annual session, and the interest it has evoked seems to be as strong as ever. Whether it is that the congress is "a free show"—a form of entertainment dear to the San Franciscan—or whether it is really a matter of engrossing interest, it certainly draws better than any play or performance given in the city. The crowds are as dense as those of last year, when a seat was only to be had by a very early attendance, and the aisles were choked with women who stood for hours eagerly listening to the discourses. As was the case last year, the subjects discussed largely turn on the suffrage, which crops up somewhere in most of the addresses. This may be due to the presence of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, with a staff of lieutenants, is conducting a spirited campaign for the elimination of the word "male" from the State Constitution. As has previously been the case, most of the papers have been interesting and able. The women of San Francisco seldom attend a public exhibition where they are so little bored and so amply entertained. The enthusiasm of the speakers has much to do with this, their addresses having the charm that comes from strong conviction and intensity of feeling. The attendance of men at the session has been larger this year than ever before. G. B.



ENGLAND'S FIGHTING FORCE IN EGYPT—A NEW CAVALRY DRILL.—Drawn by Frederic Remington after a Sketch made by H. H. S. Pearse at Wady-Halfa, April 9, 1896.
The Troops, mounted on strong Arab Ponies, are charging by Sections in Double Rank—the first rank armed with Lances, and the second with Sabres—to repel a simulated Attack by other Troopers representing the Enemy.

THE "GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC."

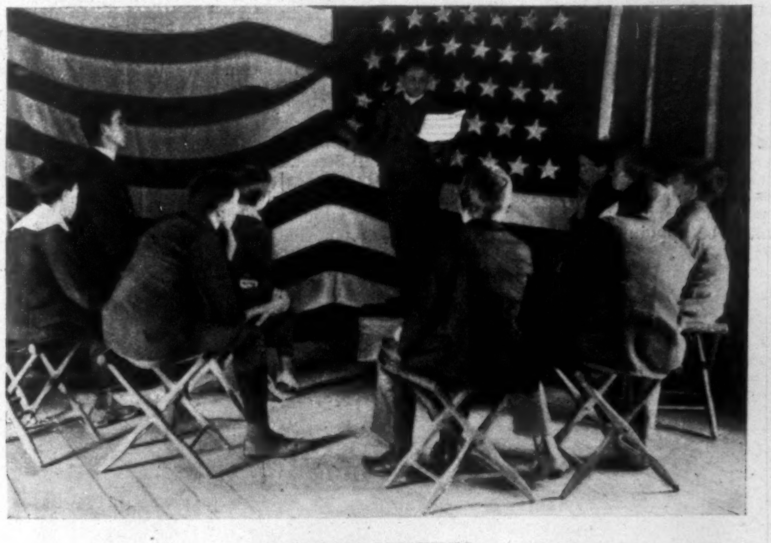


WILLIAM R. GEORGE,
Found-r of the "George Junior Republic."

THROUGH the agency of fresh-air funds and the generosity and active labor of open-hearted citizens here and there, hundreds of the children of the slums of New York and other cities, year by year, have been taken to the country or sea-shore, for a stay of a week or more, in the heated days of summer. Almost invariably these children have come home with bright eyes, rugged faces, and new ideas. These ideas have had to do chiefly with cleanliness and industry. Three or four years ago the summer camp for poor children of the cities came into existence as a substitute for many of the vacations on farms or at the sea-shore. This added an element of discipline to the work. Last year there came a further development, the greatest stride of all in giving health, recreation, and practical education to children of the slums. This experiment proved that these children could not only govern themselves, but that to a great degree they could support themselves.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, POLICE MAGISTRATE, AND CAPITALIST.

The "George Junior Republic" is the name of this latest experiment. The Junior Republic means simply that a colony of nearly two hundred boys and girls from the slums of New York city were placed on a farm for seventy days last summer, where they supported and governed themselves. It was an experiment in social development. Here was a community without laws or rules of order, with problems of self-government to be worked out. It resulted in the formation of a miniature republic, with legislative, judicial, and executive branches. It taught the need and desirability of education. It showed the necessity of self-respect and self-restraint. It proved that the person who succeeds best is the worker and not the drone, and it also proved that the criminal and indolent must be dealt with firmly and yet kindly. There were suggestions of actual government problems, such as taxation and the issuance of money, the maintenance of police regulations, and every week there was an election with modern ballot requirements. The camp became not only a school of industry and recreation, but one of good citizenship.



A MEMBER LECTURING.

This member is fond of biographical study, and being reduced financially he delivered a series of lectures on the great men of our country, charging twenty-five and fifty cents for seats, and fifteen cents for standing-room. His enterprise netted him a neat little sum.

This republic was established by William R. George, on a farm near Freeville, New York, and only a few miles from Ithaca. In 1890 Mr. George began taking poor children to the country for an outing, and year after year his ideas became enlarged, and finally he conceived the plan of forming a republic. The citizens of this republic must be between twelve and seventeen years old. Parents were required to sign papers appointing Mr. George guardian of the children for seventy days. Suitable quarters were provided on the Freeville farm of forty-eight acres, and then the children were forwarded to begin the experiment of self-government and self-support. The community was the uppermost idea in all the work. Three grades of labor were provided for the boys and three for the girls. The boys could work at farming, landscape-gardening, or carpentry. The occupations for the girls were cooking, millinery, or sewing. There were three grades of labor in each class—unskilled, middle, and skilled.

MAKING AN ARREST.

It was necessary for Mr. George to establish the basis of government. The children worked out the details. It was decided to have a republic currency. Of course it was fiat paper money, but the founder of the community was behind it all, and the substitute for money of intrinsic value was effective for the time and occasion. It was necessary at first to put all the children in the unskilled grade of the kind of labor each selected. No one was required to work. Those who didn't work had to be supported by those who did. The hours of work were from half past eight o'clock in the morning until noon. After that the day was given up to recreation. Fifty cents a day in the republic currency was paid for unskilled labor. Each citizen had to pay ten cents for each meal and ten cents for lodging. Each citizen was also taxed three cents a day for community expenses. This at first went chiefly to support those who would not work. Each citizen spent five days in unskilled labor, after which he was promoted to the middle grade and his pay was raised to seventy cents a day. This gave him a comfortable margin in income. After five more days he became a skilled laborer and his pay was ninety cents a day. Those who worked only part of the full time received less pay.

As might be expected, pauperism began to show itself at once. Those who wouldn't work became known as paupers. The thrifty children, tax-payers as they were known, had excellent food at a bountifully spread table. The paupers were required to eat soup and bread from a bare table, and were required to stand at their meals. The tax-payers were allowed to guy their lazy colleagues as much as they desired. It was soon seen that the thrifty citizens not only got more comforts, but had money to spare for the purchase of such things as were allowed to be sold in the community. Fruits were sold to many of the thrifty ones at fifty cents a bushel, and they sold them in turn to the others at a profit of about 100 per cent. Other knickknacks were allowed to be sold, and soon some of the community citizens began to show signs of prosperity. The difference in comfort between the good and bad citizens soon became so marked that the paupers relented after a time, and all but two or three began to work as earnestly as the rest.

The few who still refused to work were soon brought up with a round turn by the others. One day one of the members of the House of Representatives of the republic introduced a bill to stop the pauper evil. He was the son of parents in New York city who lived almost entirely on charity. In his speech he said, with bluntness, "A feller what won't work hadn't orter be fed by us fellers what do work."

The bill provided that none of the tax money be used for the support of paupers, and it passed unanimously. It wasn't long before every member of the community became a useful citizen. The paupers vanished.

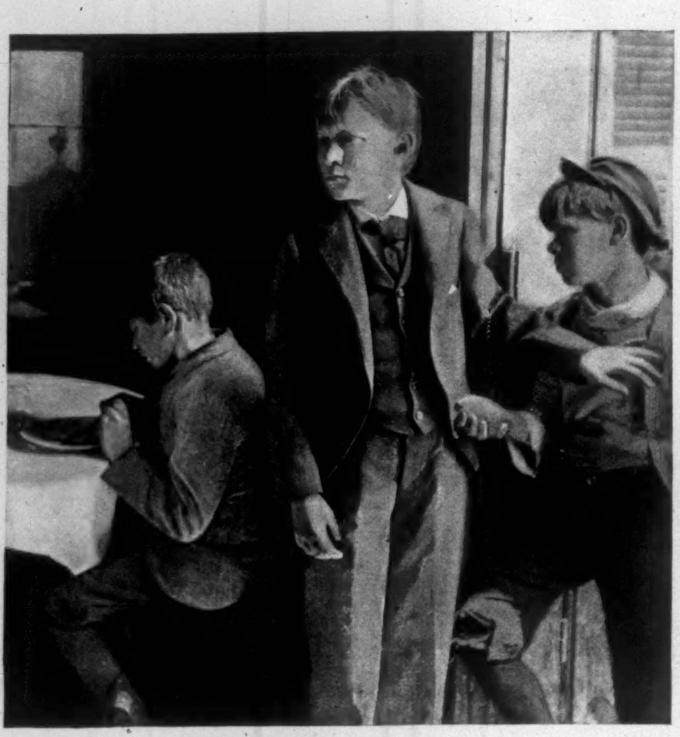
The legislative experiment was fully as interesting as the industrial. Mr. George was president of the republic, with complete veto power. It was seldom exercised. The legislature consisted of two branches—a Senate and a House of Representatives. Each grade of labor elected a member of the house for every twelve of its citizens. Each grade also elected one senator. The senators served two weeks, and the house members one week. The election taught the children valuable things about the ballot, and the government machinery was useful in calling attention to the duties of actual citizenship. This legislature made all the laws for the community. The most necessary laws at first were police regulations. A police force was appointed, and the members paid from the taxation receipts. It was no force for mere show. The young policemen had a uniform, and were sworn in. They had real work to do. Arrests were made for various crimes and misdemeanors. There were cases of robbery, bribery, and even fraudulent voting. A jail had to be provided, and penalties declared for various crimes. Each boy charged with wrong-doing was tried by a jury of his peers. The judge was one of Mr. George's assistants. Some of the criminals were sentenced to jail for as

HE WOULD STEAL.

THE "WALDORF."

Meals at this table twenty-five cents.

HE WOULDN'T WORK;



SO, NOT HAVING EARNED THE PRICE, HE COULD GET NOTHING TO EAT.

HUNGER GOADS HIM TO LABOR.

LABOR EARNS WAGES, WHICH HE INVESTS IN A SQUARE MEAL.

many as five days. They were required to wear striped suits and to be followed by a keeper with a gun. It was real jail. They got only prison food. Toward the end of the school term the jail was empty.

Mr. George always had a good talk with a boy released from jail. One boy made a notable reformation. He said to Mr. George:

"I can't afford to be bad; it costs too much. If I worked outside as hard as I had to work in prison I'd have the best money of the republic, and I could eat at the 'Waldorf' [the community's best table]. Now I am going to the top."

Before the season closed that boy was Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Many curious problems in legislation arose. One was the "five-dollar-pass" question. The law permitted members of the community to purchase a pass for five dollars of republic currency that permitted them to go outside of the camp. That raised the question of discrimination between rich and poor. The poor said that class legislation was unwise. The rich retorted that if the poor had been industrious and frugal and orderly, and had saved the money they had had to pay for fines in the police court, they too would have been able to buy passes to go outside the limits and enjoy the surrounding country. The debate was hot and furious. The children absorbed some wholesome ideas about property and the rights of property. The anarchists and Socialists were in the debate, but the property-holders had more influence, and won the fight, although one or two of the leaders of the "pass" side of the debate were ruined politically for a time.

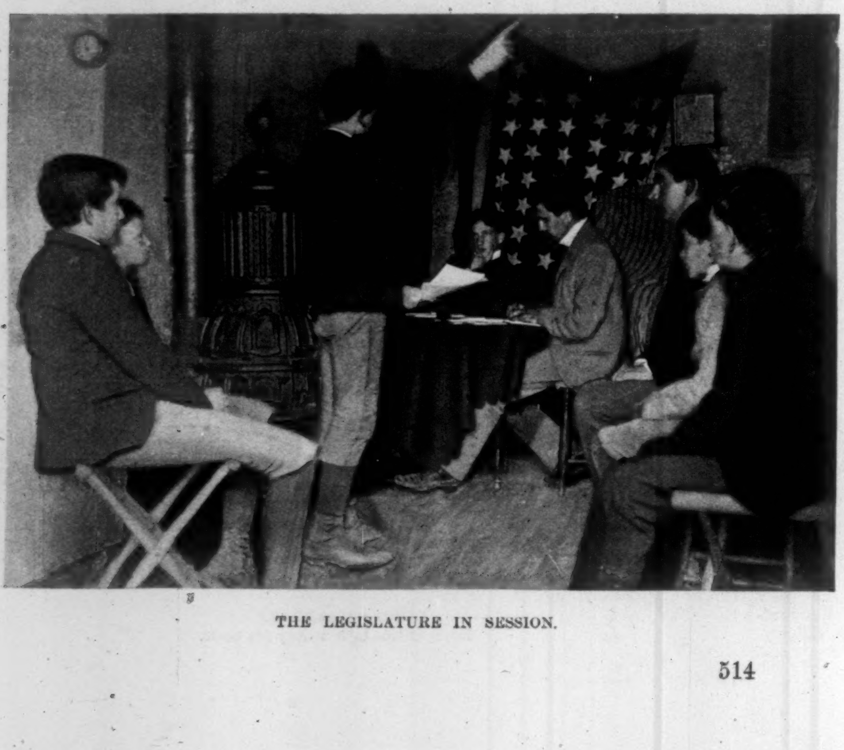
This "five-dollar-pass" question also raised another curious question. It was no more and no less than our old-time "tariff question." Those who had passes became acquainted with the farmers roundabout, and soon began to bring in large quantities of fruit that had been given to them. They sold this fruit at prices lower than the citizens of the republic had had to pay inside the grounds. Several of the best merchant citizens failed; others lost heavily. The matter was taken into Congress at once. A bill was introduced requiring every citizen who brought in merchantable goods from outside to pay an impost tax of twenty-five cents on the dollar. Then came up the old argument whether the tariff is a tax. Some argued that the twenty-five-cent tax on the dollar would simply be added to the cost to the community of purchases of imported articles. The Congress got into a bad tangle. It was a valuable experience in parliamentary law. Finally it was suggested that a committee be appointed to study out the question. The boys were always appointing committees. The matter was disposed of at last by the appointment of a committee to visit the farmers to ask them to require that the boys should pay for merchandise by work of some sort, such as chopping wood, picking stones or fruit. One of the speakers in advocacy of this plan said,

"What costs these boys something in labor will not be sold so dirt cheap in our republic."

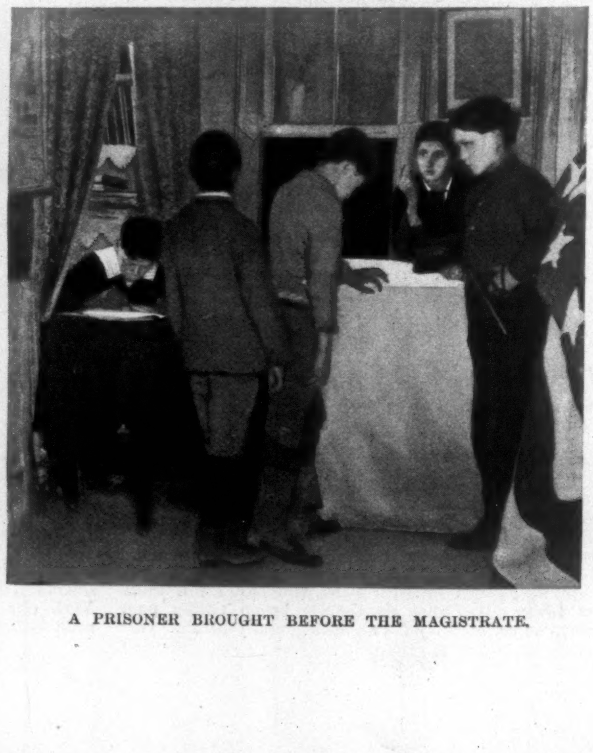
There were some two hundred bills introduced in the legislature, and of these nearly sixty became laws. They were real laws, too, and the debates on them had a serious side such as no amateur debating society ever knew. The highest-priced labor in the community was that of the police force. To become a member of this seemed to be the highest honor in the republic. Civil service rules, however, checked the ambition of many of the boys. It required a fair knowledge of reading, geography, arithmetic, and spelling to become a policeman. Boys who spent most of their time at home in "playing hookey" failed to get a place on the police force. Military drill was required also, and the result was excellent in respect to discipline and health. Incorrigible boys were not expelled from the camp, but were subjected to discipline, and they yielded to the treatment.

Some of the citizens of this republic had as much as fifty dollars of the republic currency in the bank at the close of the season. This currency was redeemed in exchange. Fruit, clothing, or potatoes were given to each citizen in proportion to the exact amount he had saved up. Some of the members kept their families in New York in potatoes during the entire winter in consequence. No one was allowed to take anything back to the city unless he had earned it.

It is expected this year to open the camp on July 1. It requires considerable money to put the machinery in motion. Travelling and other expenses are high. A Junior Republic Association has been formed in New York, and those who desire to aid in the work may send contributions to W. C. Orton, 40 Wall Street, New York city. This school not only teaches these children of the slums the value of law and order, education, self-respect, but it has one other quality which equals if not surpasses all the others. It teaches them what is meant by the dignity of labor.



THE LEGISLATURE IN SESSION.



A PRISONER BROUGHT BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

A POLO-PONY TANDEM RACE.

It is strange indeed to reflect that England, the home of sports of all kinds, should have imported one of its very best games from the East. The game was introduced into that country some twenty-five years ago. In 1869, while the 10th Hussars were under canvas at Aldershot, some of the officers were devising schemes for killing time, when they came across a newspaper giving an account of the game as played by the Munnipoorees. At once it was decided to try the game. Chargers were saddled, crooked sticks and a billiard ball were produced, and a game was played which may be looked upon as the progenitor of polo as now played in England. It was soon found that ponies were more fitted for the game than big horses, and several Irish ponies were brought over. In June, 1870, the first real match was played, in Richmond Park, between the 18th Lifeguards and Royal Horse-Guards and the 9th and 10th Hussars. By slow degrees the game has developed, until it has ceased to be looked upon as an essentially military game, and civilians are to be found among its best exponents. There are now some thirty clubs in England. These are all controlled by the Hurlingham Club, in the same way that cricketers are governed by the Marylebone Club. Polo had not long been introduced, when racing on polo-ponies came into vogue. These ponies are most carefully bred and selected, so much depending on the choice of an animal. It is needless to say that to play polo a man must be a first-rate horseman. At the Ranelagh and Hurlingham clubs the exquisite horsemanship of some of the polo-players is displayed at race meetings, especially on those occasions when not only are there the ordinary races, but also tandem races. In these the competitor has to ride one pony and drive the other in front of him. Care has to be taken that the leader is not allowed to go faster than the one on which the rider is mounted. In our illustration of a race of this kind at the Ranelagh Club grounds one of the leaders has outstripped his colleague in the rear to such an extent that the rider has had to let him go, and so became disqualified.

IN CANADA.

Scarce is frost from off the bough,
Yet poplar twigs are feathery now
With leaves as big as a mouse's ear—
Sign that the salmon run is near;
North of the fir-tree lingers snow,
In sunny spots the violets blow;
Winter and summer join together,
Bringing confusion to the weather:
The ruffed grouse drums; the hare is gay
In new spring suit, mixed white and gray;
In forest brooks are wood-duck playing—
Every wild thing goes a-Maying.

In the fresh and moisty morn
Calls to work the Seigneur's horn;
Then, buxom daughters of the North,
Jeanne and Jaqueline go forth;
And broad-backed laborers jest and shout,
Feeling the spring that's all about;
While in the swamp the blackbirds sing,
"Summer is coming! 'tis spring, 'tis spring."

Francis Sterne Palmer.

IMPORTANT NEW OPERAS ABROAD.

It is unfortunate that our recent and brilliant musical season, in its operatic contents, Italian, French, or German, has not illustrated a striking fact in the course of lyric art across the Atlantic—an altogether unusual output of successful new operas by really noteworthy contemporary composers. It is many years since any such liberal number has happened to characterize any given twelvemonth. This spring, particularly, has added one *première* after another to the catalogue in quite extraordinary succession. The symphony, as such, is no longer produced to any consequence, even in the very quarters whence, once, each season elicited interesting and important scores. Indeed, symphonic composition seems to have come to an end, except as to Brahms and the *Kapellmeister* cohort. The freer symphonic forms and the concert-overture appear to have superseded symphonies as such. But the opera—the opera struggling to attain a just medium between the weighty, if noble, mannerisms of Wagner and a better lyric article—is still monopolizing nearly all the best European creative intelligences of our time. Since Verdi's *Falstaff* there has not been as much in the way of vital operatic novelty, more or less valuable, as recent months and weeks have elicited in Germany, France, and Italy. This is true, even setting aside that annually long list of local productions that may be made the topics of telegrams, more or less effusive, that may be heard for a few performances in a few places, and then become the prey of the library shelves of silence and year-books.

A brief enumeration can begin with a striking French work, expected during two or three years, *Ghiselle*, a posthumous three-act score, left incomplete by the late César Franck, whose loss is so much deplored by his compatriots, and by European musicians and critics in general. This production occurred last month at Monte Carlo with great *réclame* and with distinct triumph. The orchestration was finished by such mature and responsible friends and pupils of Franck as Vincent d'Indy (one curious symphony of his was played here a few years ago) and the late M. Guiraud, collating a mass of sufficient memoranda. The libretto is a drama of the grim Merovingian days, as was Guiraud's own *Frédégonde*; and that wicked lady and Brunehaut (or Brünnhilde), Guntram, Gudrun, Bishop Ambrosius, and Teudebert are personages clustering around the heroine giving the work its name. The cast included an array of singers only of the first rank in France—Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Madame Adiny (who is an American, by-the-bye), and MM. Vergnet, Melchissédec, and Mauzin. The opera-house at Monte Carlo is notable for enterprise and for annually expensive companies, and on this work of Franck's great care was expended. The success has been complete. The opera has been secured by Lyons as the next place of reproduction, and it will probably go into the Opéra repertory at Paris promptly.

The same important French lyric theatre has presented *Amy Robsart*, another three-act score, by Isidore de Lara. De Lara has been accounted a composer rather clever than of firm intellectuality, and by no means of heavy musical baggage thus far. But *Amy Robsart* seems to have scored a success that has made the press oblivious to a *Light of Asia* commonplaceness. The dramatization of *Kenilworth* is much praised, introducing our old friends the luckless Amy (Madame Bréval), Queen Elizabeth (Madame Deschamps-Jehin), Leicester (Ernest Van Dyk), Tressillian (M. Quela), and Varney (M. Melchissédec). With such a cast and a magnificent *mise en scène* and the direction of M. Jehin, it is not remarkable that *Amy Robsart* is much in the eyes of the impresarios across the sea, and the ingenious Mr. De Lara's musical stock stands at a much higher quotation than ever before. *Amy Robsart* is to be sung at Covent Garden next month.

The Italian press is in nothing if not an adulatory frame of mind over Rome's great operatic incident for March, *Chatterton*, by Leoncavallo. *Chatterton* is a careful re-writing of a score committed to paper by Leoncavallo many years ago, when the now rich and popular author of "I Pagliacci" was unheard and literally unsung. The opera's book is a queer business, either at fact or fiction (it is chiefly the latter, obviously), with the English poet as its hero—a hero gradually involved in an impossible and romantic passion for a pretty Quakeress who keeps his lodgings. For this gentlewoman Chatterton swallows poison—for her sake, and for other reasons not altogether convincing. The opera is described as abundant in melodic beauty, and as instrumentated with Leoncavallo's utmost effect. It is running three nights a week in Rome, to crowded houses.

The Milanese sensation at the Scala is now at its climax in the popular and critical interest in *André Chénier*—a work of course dealing with the poet, and to some extent active figure in the French Revolution. The text is by Luigi Illica; the music by Giordano, one of the conspicuous younger men in Italian composition. Its local success appears to be unqualified; the libretto is praised, and the music declared exceptionally powerful in its more salient episodes.

Mascagni's *Ratcliff* has enjoyed a fair measure of Italian vogue since its first hearing early in the spring. Since *Ratcliff*, however, Mascagni has come forward with a newer score, in one act—*Zannetto*, a work written to an arrangement of Coppée's famous little drama *Le Passant*, in which Madame Bernhardt made her first success. The music is described by the Italian press as full of a simplicity of melody and freshness of invention that sort well with the play, while its dramatic movement has carried the composer of the *Cavalleria* into new currents of passionate inspiration.

For a year in Vienna a wave of interest has widened out from the performances at the Hofopera of Kienzl's *Der Evangelimann*, until all Germany and Austria are intent on this new opera. It is, in fact, one of the two musical "sensations" of central Europe. Nothing since *Hänsel und Gretel* appeared has so caught the ear of Vienna. The story is at once simple, pathetic, decidedly religious, and it deals with an avocation and with pictures of life peculiar to Vienna and to the larger Austrian cities half a century ago. It has been necessary to give extra performances of it week by week, and the drama and the music are received with smiles and tears.

A more recent "sensation," however, of absolute novelty, is the first opera that Karl Goldmark has given to the world in more than a decade, and his third lyrical drama—his third one only. It will surprise many who recall the vivid splendors of Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba*, and even the beauties—not too numerous—of his romantic *Merlin*, to find Goldmark setting with all his heart, and apparently in unstudied simplicity of musical style, Dickens's tale *The Cricket on the Hearth*. But he appears to have completely succeeded. *Das Heimchen am Herd* is running its course with unvaried acclamations from the first critics of Germany. The opera is described as "a well of charming melody." The libretto is also cordially complimented, and especially as taking little liberty with the original novelette if treated for any stage purposes.

In Prague a fine musical stir has risen within some weeks over *Hedy*, a lyric-drama in four acts, by Fibich, the veteran Bohemian composer. The book of the opera is arranged and completed from Byron's story of Don Juan and the gentle Haidée, and (it is stated) is a discreet version of a good deal of idyllic merit. The musical inspiration of Fibich—a striking figure in European music—appears to have lavished itself on this new *chef-d'œuvre*. He is a great master withal in instrumentation; and the score is counted of the first rank in its manner and matter.

Among Mozart's minor operas was one of delightful mirthfulness and charm in its musical contents—*Der Schauspieldirektor*—("The Impresario"). It has never been laid aside on the German-singing stage, but the versions used have been more and more tinkered and corrupted until the charming bagatelle has become a victim. Some years ago Richard Genée, the well-known German operetta writer, began, by special commission, a carefully "definitive" version and edition. That has been brought out as one of the spring's novelties of the Royal Opera at Berlin. It has completely succeeded, by all accounts. The score has been enlarged—owing to some indispensable conditions of it—by introducing certain Mozartian fragments, and an opera-book acceptable to modern taste, but embodying everything of merit in the original one, has been supplied, much as breaking pictures are given new canvases. The incident adds a new Mozart opera, suitable for at least half an evening, to the limited group now available. The recast and revised operetta of Haydn, *The Apothecary*, is still a matter regarded with affection in Germany and Austria.

Baron Franchetti is writing a new opera. Smareglia, the remarkable author of *The Vassal of Szigeth* and *Cornelius Schut*, is writing a new opera. Leoncavallo is writing a new opera, *Roland di Berlino*, the work "commanded" by William II. of Germany. Massenet is writing a new opera, *Cendrillon*. Better than all such facts, Verdi's new work, *The Tempest* (*La Tempesta*), on Shakespeare's play, is practically finished, according to high authority, and will be produced with Mr. Maurel's special co-operation, not to mention that of the librettist Boito, at the Scala next February. If such be the fact, an audience of critics will gather in Milan such as came to no première, except the same composer's *Falstaff*, since Wagner produced *Parsifal* at Baireuth.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

A LAST WORD ON THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

The Olympian Games were a thorough success as an athletic performance, as an inspiring spectacle, and as an international social event.

There can be no doubt that this triumph has been achieved owing chiefly to the efforts made by the royal family of Greece, to the graciousness and cordiality of their manners, and to the hospitable generosity shown by the whole populace to their foreign guests and competitors.

The whole organization and management of so complex an undertaking could not have been carried out in a more perfect manner. And it is well known that this was chiefly in the hands of the Crown-Prince. He did not look upon himself as a mere figure-head, but took the whole work into his own hands, attended all the meetings, going to the office every day, and concerning himself with every detail. His strength and straightforwardness of character overcame all the difficulties and complexities which naturally arise in any work of this kind and on this scale. He has proved himself to be a most able administrator; and the Greek people, who hardly knew him to be possessed of all these qualities, are beginning to realize that he must in the future carry great weight in the administration of the country, which requires a man of such strength and honesty of purpose. I venture to predict that the world will some day see in him a personality of no mean importance in southeastern Europe.

The Crown-Prince was ably seconded by his brothers—Prince George, who acted as umpire in the Stadium and presided over the water sports, and Prince Nicholas, who had charge of all the shooting matches. The hearty good-nature of the herculean sailor-prince George (who, it may be remembered, saved the life of his cousin, the present Czar of Russia, by felling the would-be Japanese assassin with one blow), and the delicate affabilities of the artillery officer Nicholas, won the hearts of all the foreign competitors, while their conscientious impartiality made any difference of opinion or friction impossible.

The presence of the King and Queen, the Crown-Princess, and Princess Mary at all the games, and, above all, the simple and cordial and still dignified bearing of the King, especially at the luncheon given to the victors in the Palace and at the distribution of the prizes, added to the official solemnity a touch of warmth and heartiness which we can hardly hope for when the games are repeated in any other centre in Europe or America.

Under the influence of the enthusiasm thus created among the Greeks and the foreign competitors and visitors, it is but natural that the desire should have arisen, and then been expressed, to have all the future Olympic celebrations at Athens. This wish received additional justification from the fact that the Stadium has proved itself so admirable and unique a building for such games, and that some of the other buildings, the shooting-stands as well as the velodrome for bicycle races, are permanent structures. With the spread of this view, members of the Athenian Committee, backed by the press, began to urge, not without passion, that the International Committee give up the original plan of alternating the games among the various centres in Europe and America, and decide upon Athens as the permanent seat of the Olympic Games.

To those who are acquainted with the origin and history of this athletic revival, as I gave them in a preliminary article in Harper's Weekly for April 18, it will be manifest that such a suggestion could not be accepted by the International Committee, subverting as it would one of the fundamental ideas and aims of the whole undertaking. For a time it looked as if the violent, pugnacious spirit might prevail, and lead to a rupture between the Athenian and the International Committee. The thoughtful and moderate people among these, who had the fate of the games at heart above all else, realized that such a conflict would be injurious not only to the games at Athens, but would weaken the support and counteract the enthusiasm required to make future Olympic Games in other capitals a success.

Here again the practical sense and decision of action on the part of the Crown-Prince saved the situation, and led to an arrangement highly satisfactory to all parties, and bound to bring all efforts to a successful issue. He invited Baron de Coubertin, M. Manos, and myself to a conference, and there the plan was adopted which will now hold good for all future celebrations.

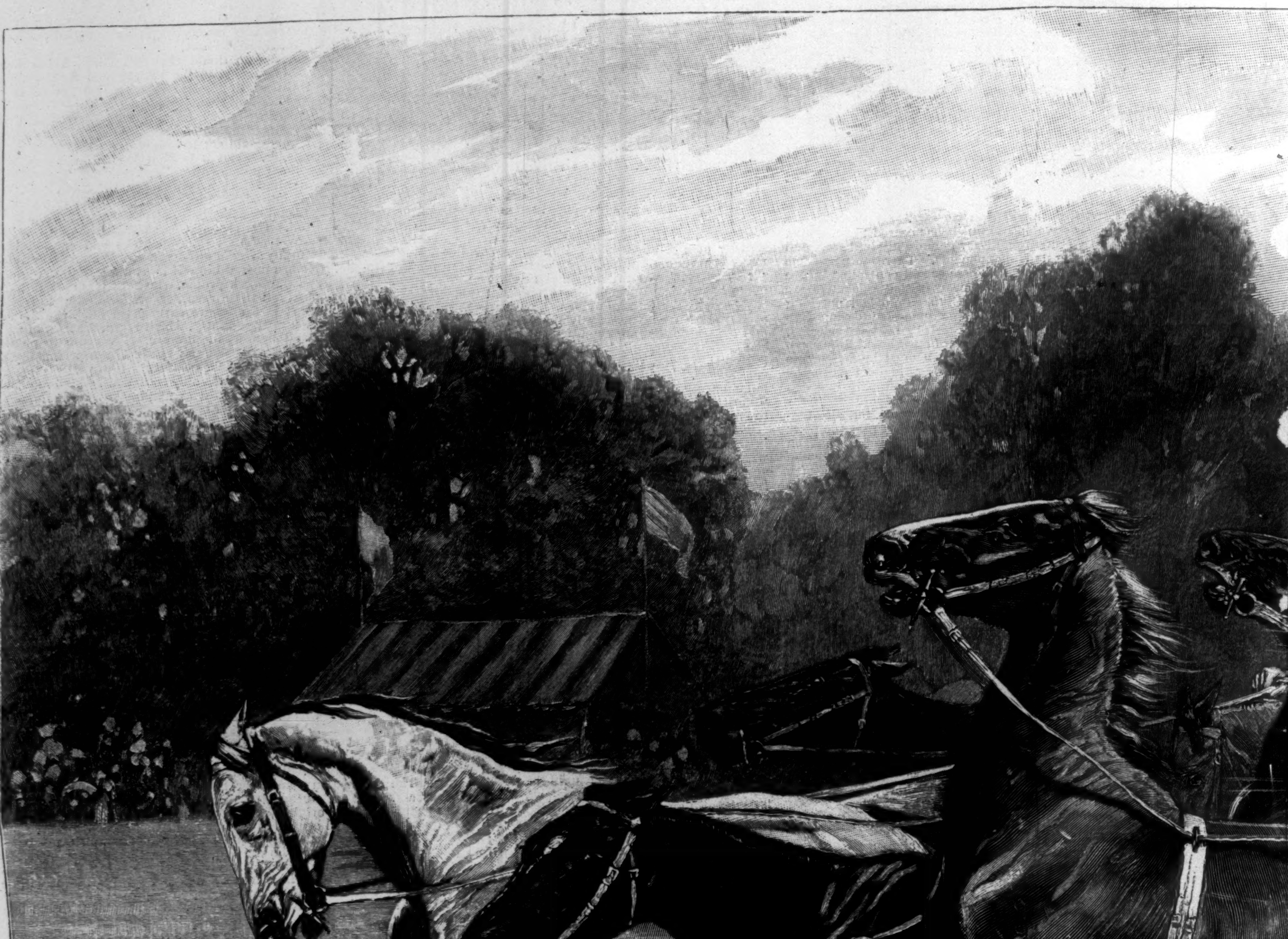
In the spirit of this conciliatory meeting it was at once felt by the International Committee that in the very fact of so great an enthusiasm and so strong a desire for continuance of the games having been evoked at Athens, one of the great objects of the original plan had been achieved, and that this could only evoke the highest satisfaction and congratulation in the International Committee. It was realized, furthermore, that the interval of four years was perhaps too great to ensure continuance of interest and permanence of tradition.

The plan therefore adopted was to introduce international Athenian games within the four-yearly cycle—*i. e.*, every second year—to be held at Athens. Thus there will be games at Athens in 1898, at Paris in 1900, again at Athens in 1902, and probably in New York in 1904, etc. By-the-way, the choice for 1904 lies between New York, Stockholm, and Berlin.

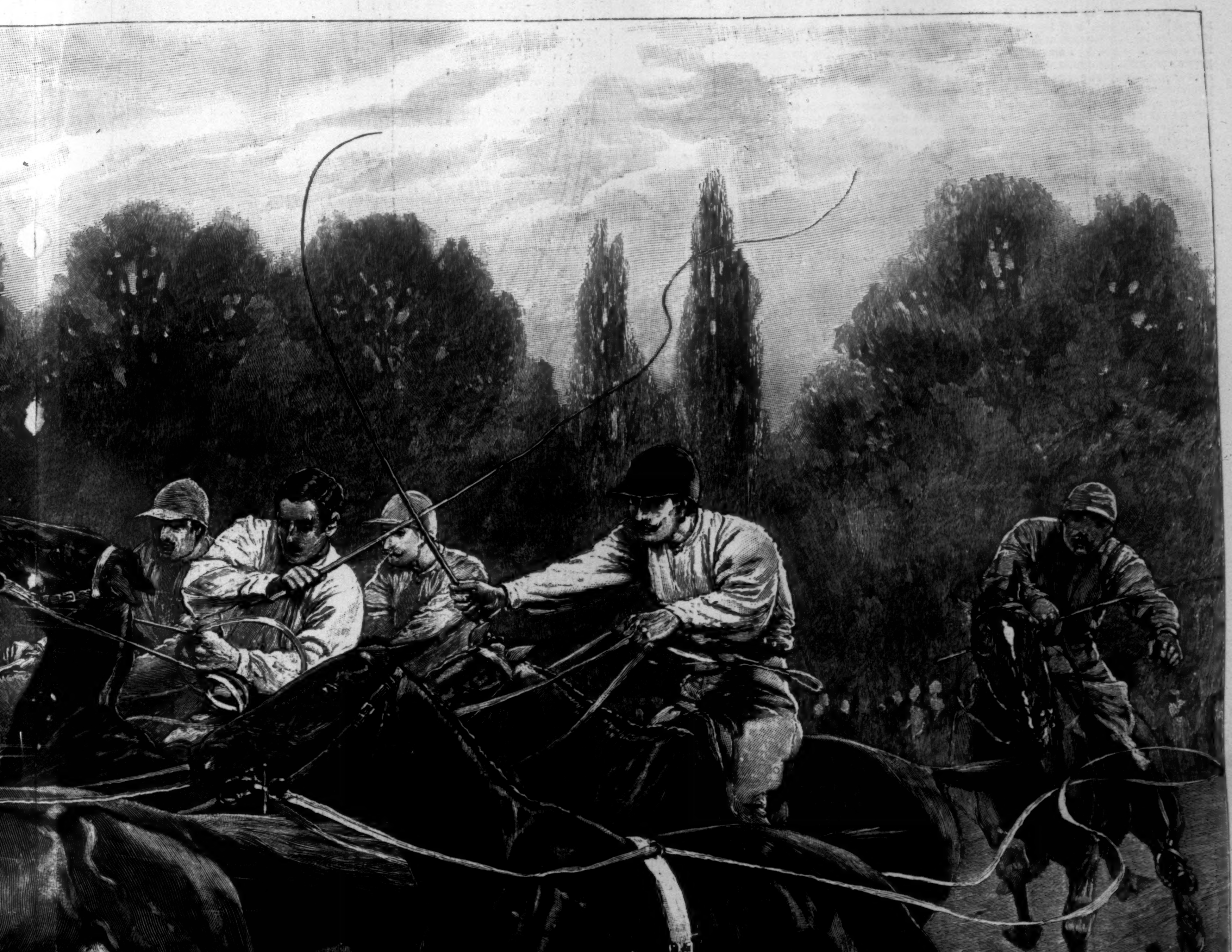
To avoid confusion, the games to be held at Athens will have another name, the term "Olympic" being reserved for the rotatory cycle of celebrations. The Athenian Committee shared the feelings expressed some time ago by many people that "Olympic" games in Greece ought to be held at Olympia, and not at Athens. In antiquity the great games at Athens were called *Panathenaic* games; and the name of the celebrations at Athens will thus be *International Panathenaic Games*.

The Panathenaia, which were celebrated every year at Athens in ancient times, were supposed to have been founded by Theseus in the mythical period. Peisistratos, no doubt influenced by the model of Olympia, instituted the Greater Panathenaia every four years, and this term was used as a measure of time of Athenian official life, as the Olympiads were chronological landmarks for the whole Hellenic world. Pericles added to the splendor of these games, and they ever remained a central feature of Attic life. To revive them at Athens now is not only an act of historical consistency, but will no doubt prove an eminent contribution to the great movement inaugurated by the new Olympic Games which have been so striking a success.

Charles Waldstein.



A POLO-PONY TANDEM RACE AT THE RANELAGH CLUB GRO



GROUNDS, ENGLAND.—Drawn from Life by John Charlton.—[See Page 515.]

BARNEY BARNATO, THE KAFFIR KING.

BY ARTHUR WARREN.

"EVERY nation to its taste! Athens proclaimed Themistokles 'Saviour,' and Rome, Quintus Fabius; Germany boasts its Barbarossa, and France its Bonaparte. *We* have our Barnato." Thus did a leading London newspaper conclude its comments on the now notorious Mansion House banquet given by the late Lord Mayor to the phenomenal person who has been responsible for the wildest speculation and the most melancholy reaction known on the London Stock Exchange since the days of the "South-Sea Bubble"—that dinner that ended Sir Joseph Renals's brief career as a public man. His expiring Mayoralty died to a chorus of vituperation. For the first time in the history of the corporation of the City of London, a period of nearly seven hundred years, a retiring Lord Mayor was denied by his Council even a formal vote of thanks. It was openly stated "in the City" that Barney Barnato had paid Sir Joseph $250,000 as the price for the "honor" extended to himself in the name of the City of London. Another version had it that "Barney" gave the Lord Mayor a "tip" which enabled that high functionary to clear $400,000 in mining shares. It goes without saying that these stories were hotly denied by the partisans of both men; but the credence they obtained, and the fact that the Lord Mayor retired from office under a cloud of suspicion, will at least interest Americans accustomed to English criticism of our own municipal rulers. Whatever the facts may be concerning the late Lord Mayor's connection with Mr. Barnato's amazing schemes, it is clear that he was curiously imprudent and lamentably lacking in appreciation of the dignity of his exalted office. It is probable that his offence went no farther than that; but that was far enough.

Who is this Barney Barnato, this ring-master of the "Kaffir Circus," this modern Monte Cristo, who appears suddenly from nowhere, who astonishes the world by his wealth, throws the stock market into a raging fever of speculation, is fêted by the persons he has enriched, and execrated by the greater numbers, who find themselves the poorer for throwing their money after his Munchausen-like prospectuses? His name is known in all the money markets of the world; the most contradictory and fantastic tales are extant concerning him. On one hand he is described as an illiterate and unscrupulous adventurer; on the other hand, as an agreeable gentlemanly person, whose enormous wealth is exceeded only by his good qualities. The very mystery of his early career, his sudden comet-like appearance in the financial world, have excited public imagination. On one thing only are all persons agreed: Barney Barnato has an extraordinary capacity for making money. No two accounts of his origin agree. But in London it is commonly believed that he is the son of a poor Hebrew schoolmaster in the East End; that his real name is Isaacs; that he was once a cab-driver, and after that a peddler of second-hand clothing in Petticoat Lane, his specialty being waistcoats; that he was subsequently a billiard-marker; and that two years after the discovery of diamonds in South Africa he emigrated to the Transvaal, with his brother, who had been a juggler in cheap circuses and "penny gaffs." This was in 1872, if Whitechapel chronology does not err. The two young Isaacses—"Barney" (said by some to be the diminutive of Barnabus, but by Mr. Barnato himself to be the lesser form of Barnet) was then twenty years of age—had exhausted their capital in passage money, but they made $100 on the trip to Africa by entertaining their shipmates and passing around the hat. Arrived in the new country, Barney—everybody in London calls him "Barney"—and his brother struck out for the diamond-fields, where they began a new life and took a new name—Barnato. The rest is mere money-making.

A very different story was told not long ago by a London financial journal. It was told seriously enough, but it evoked shouts of laughter, and everybody said that Barney had paid handsomely to be "written up." This is a summary of the revised version: Mr. Barnet I. Barnato was born in London on July 5, 1852. He is the third son of Mr. Isaac Isaacs Barnato, of Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park, and, on his mother's side, is connected with the late Sir George Jessel, who was well known as a lawyer, a judge, and Master of the Rolls. Mr. Barnato passed his boyhood in London, and was educated at private scholastic establishments by private tutors. At an early age he entered the commercial world, but he threw off the harness of humdrum duties to "search fresh fields and pastures new" in South Africa. In 1873, on his twenty-first birthday, he sailed from London on the ship *Anglian*. His first African ventures were successful; at the end of three years he owned diamond-mines in the neighborhood of Kimberley, and in 1881 he sold these mines to a company for $575,000. And so on.

What is definitely known is that, a year or two ago, Barney Barnato returned to London, the possessor of "untold gold." The reports of his wealth varied with the imagination of the reporters. But it did not take long to discover that in South Africa Barnato had been a power. He was the shrewdest of speculators in that distant region. When diamond-mining was being overdone, when mines were multiplying, and competition was bringing prices down with a run, timid men lost heart, and abandoned, or cheaply sold, their claims. Barney Barnato had the foresight to acquire what the weak ones were glad to be rid of, and when Mr. Cecil Rhodes appeared with his Napoleonic plan for amalgamating all the diamond-mining interests of South Africa in order to control the output and the price, it was discovered that the industrious Barney owned a large tract of "claims" in the best part of Kimberley.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes's mighty plans and great successes in the colonization and development of South Africa began to assume imperial dimensions. The ardor of England was aroused. Another continent was to come under the rule of the Anglo-Saxon. The best of it is likely to do so before many generations have passed. The pride and the pockets of England were touched. Men and money poured into the Cape, and from the Cape northward to Mashonaland, at the beckoning of the "Cæsar of the South." Mr. Rhodes, visiting England, was welcomed like a conquering hero. Africa the Golden was the theme of public discussion and private conference everywhere. A new empire was rising in the hitherto Dark Continent. This was the time for Barney Barnato to strike, and strike home. He reached England on the crest of the South African tidal wave. He was the first millionaire from that distant realm. He owned some thirty mines—some 2500 "claims." The properties in which he was interested produced a revenue of $25,000,000 a year. They were paying 24 per cent. interest on their capital of $20,000,000. They promised to pay something like 40 per cent. in the near future. London passed from excitement into a fever of greed. Everybody with money to invest fell over his neighbor in haste to reach the brokers and gamble in the shares of the Barnato companies. For many days the streets around the Stock Exchange were packed with eager speculators. Prices rose with every tick of the watch; fortune was piled on fortune; hundreds, thousands, of men found themselves suddenly rich, and they lost their heads. There was a money madness in the air, and the praises of Barnato were loud on the lips of the multitude. Then came the inevitable reaction. The raging fever had spent itself; the speculation had been overdone; the men who had lost their heads now lost their fortunes; prices tumbled about their ears, and "the street" was strewn with wreckage. In place of summer-day praise to the name of Barnato, there were wintry curses for Barney and all his tribe of South Africans. There was no appellation harsh enough to satisfy the losers. The name "Barney Barnato" became the synonym of evil finance. There was no story too bad to tell of the South African adventurer. All the losers blamed him for their woes. It never occurred to them to blame themselves for their hot-headed plunge into "Kaffir" speculation. When "Barney" declared that he would spend a million sterling to put the market right, the defeated gamblers cried: "This is pernicious gambling. You are merely buying back for a song what you sold for a fortune!" Then they upbraided him for "floating" the Barnato Bank without having disclosed its assets. They forgot that they had been ready enough to speculate without knowing these important details. Had they won, they would have applauded the Lord Mayor for banqueting Barnato. They would have hailed the industrious Barney as the developer of a new empire in the South. But they lost through their own rashness, and they turned against the man who had had the grit to make the African ventures while they remained at home to gamble on the results.

BARNEY BARNATO.
From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

It does not follow that because Mr. Barney Barnato dined at the Mansion House, and because he sat opposite the Prime Minister at the Guildhall banquet on Lord Mayor's day, that he has become a personage of distinction "in society." A man may be a power "in the City," and a nonentity in the West End. Many men are. You cannot call Barney Barnato a "moneyed swell," in the sense that you can apply the term to the Rothschilds, the Wilsons, and other English millionaires who move in the world of rank and fashion. Mr. Barnato does not exactly hobnob with princes and take duchesses down to dinner, and he has not the time, whatever may be the case with regard to opportunity, for frequenting fashionable tea tables. No doubt there are some "great houses" where he is seen. It is natural enough that the golden lion of the south should be brought up for inspection. There are few persons who would not be curious about the Monte Cristo of South Africa, especially if they have money to invest. They are bound to ask what the new marvel is like, and they pass him on from one to another, usually in the hope of getting a "tip" in "Susan Janes," or "Vogelstruisfontes," or "Crœsus Deeps," or other fantastically named "B. B." shares. But "B. B." himself is shrewd enough to place such "tips" where they will do him the most good. He doesn't give them for a dinner, nor for the mere condescension of a belted earl. When the West End has made all it can out of "Barney" it will quietly and politely leave him to enjoy the society of his friends in the City.

Barnato, however, has his own views on this matter. He has determined to fix himself in the West End. He is building himself a mansion in the heaven of Mayfair—in no less a thoroughfare, indeed, than Park Lane. Meanwhile he has leased Spencer House, in St. James's Place, the town residence of "the Red Earl" who in Mr. Gladstone's fourth ministry was First Lord of the Admiralty, and in his third ministry Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Spencer House is too costly a place for the earl to use for himself, so he lets it whenever he can find a wealthy tenant. A recent tenant was Mrs. Marshall Roberts, the hospitable American lady who is now Mrs. Ralph Vivian, and who has been known to pay $1000 a week for the privilege of living during the fashionable season in the palace of the Spencers.

Mr. Barnato is married. His wife is a handsome and agreeable woman, and forms, as they say, a fitting châtelaine for the great mansion in St. James's. The Barnatos have three children—a daughter and two sons. The daughter, Leah, is the eldest child; she is about five or six years of age. The baby boy is named Ladas Rosebery Barnato. It is perhaps a curious kind of taste to name a child for a horse and its owner, even when the horse is a Derby winner and its owner a Prime Minister. But you are not to argue from this that the King of Diamonds is an ardent sporting-man. He has shown no greater interest in the turf than the average Englishman who has a lot of money to spare, although rumor says that a year or two hence he will have a racing-stable.

Barnato is a well-built, shrewd-looking man, of medium stature and of natty dress. Forty-three is not a great age, to be sure (in England men are young till they are sixty), but "B. B." does not, in appearance, lay claim to his years. He is a genial-mannered fellow, but as sharp as men are made. His tastes and habits are those of the newly rich. That goes without saying. By-and-by—say in Park Lane—he will have a library, even though he be inclined to no other volumes than account-books. Of course he will have a picture gallery, happily for the painters, and there will be a magnificent music-room. A Park Lane mansion must have these things, even if its owner is not on the most intimate terms with the classics and the old masters and the great composers. And Barney will have "everything that's going." As for gambling, he limits that to the Stock Exchange. He plays no game for money. But he used to play, and often lose all the money he had, before he began to find riches in Africa. Twenty years ago he would play threepenny billiards, and fly into a rage when he was beaten. Other times, other manners. Barney can handle a gun, but he does not go about the country popping at fat birds, as most "sport-loving" Britons do. He may come to it in time, when he is more accustomed to the ways of the rich and the great and their hangers-on. He has not yet bought a yacht, and he has sufficient notoriety to dispense with any ambition for becoming a possible challenger for the *America's* cup. And he does not ride to hounds. The clubs of St. James's have not yet opened their doors to him, and he has yet to show designs upon the House of Commons. Englishmen, therefore, find him a kind of mystery, and their bewilderment does not decrease with the spread of the current story that he is writing a play. If one must be exact, then one must say that Mr. Barnato is not writing a play, but that he is collaborating with a well-known dramatist, Mr. Haddon Chambers, the author of *Captain Swift*, *The Idler*, and *John-a-Dreams*. "Barney," whose gifts are not precisely those of authorship, is supposed to dilate upon dramatic incidents in his own career, and the dramatist weaves them into a play.

Barney Barnato has dramatic instincts, and they have helped him throughout his de-diamonded career. He seized the dramatic—and profitable—moment to announce the fact that he was practically King of Kimberley. He seized the dramatic moment when he stood for election as candidate for the Cape Colony Parliament, and was triumphantly elected as South Africa's first millionaire, and her "greatest captain of industry." He seized the dramatic moment when he came to London, and took advantage of the tide of imperial sentiment which followed Cecil Rhodes. There are many ridiculous stories told of Barnato, but they are probably untrue; for, whatever else he may be, "B. B." is not ridiculous. Losers may sneer because his friend, the late speculative Lord Mayor, made him a "Lieutenant of the City of London," and so gave him the right to wear a scarlet uniform, but that sinecure appointment is not droller than many others which are chronicled in various parts of the world.

Barnato's enemies say that he is utterly without scruple. His friends say that he is the most generous and sympathetic fellow imaginable. They say also—these latter—that he never forgets his old friends. Many stories are told of his placing shares to the credit of "old pals," and when the market was up, quietly informing the "old pals" of the surprising fortune that awaited them. Another popular legend has it that a sister of his keeps a fried-fish shop in the East End, and, in spite of the snug fortune which he has given her, will not desert her favorite occupation. This of course does not harmonize with the later legend of Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park, which, however, is popularly supposed to have been the invention of some well-paid journalist. As a matter of fact, Barney Barnato, aside from his "financial genius," as they call it, is an average man, and among "self-made" mining millionaires he is very like his fellows. He is neither a scoundrel, as his enemies say, nor a paragon, as his friends and fortunate adherents proclaim. He lived a rough life for some years after he first arrived in Africa; it was the ordinary life of a money-mad mining region, and he was one of the few men who were not overthrown by it. That he is a generous giver to charities nobody will deny. But many other millionaires are similarly generous, and the world has a right to expect them to be so.

Barnato thoroughly enjoys his wealth. He does not indulge in the cant which many millionaires affect, parading the depressing influence of riches, or sighing that he was far happier when he was poor. He spends his money lavishly, and he likes to spend it in a way that gives pleasure to his family and his friends. He takes life easily. If you saw him at Spencer House, in St. James's, you would imagine that he is wholly free from care. He is not so approachable now as he was before "the Kaffir crash." His secretaries take charge of his correspondence and keep away intruders, especially of the newspaper sort. Barnato says he is getting tired of publicity. Others tell a different tale. You may believe what you choose. He may find himself rather lonely in his new marble palace in Park Lane after everybody has been to the house-warming, and London finds no further amusement in his personality or his millions. And then another multimillionaire may arise to dim Barnato's glory, as Barnato had caused the light of Colonel North to pale a little.

IMPERIAL SYSTEM OF ADMINISTRATION.

However costly, directly or indirectly, an imperial system of administration may be, its advocates find a redeeming feature in the advantages to be gained through a commercial connection with colonies and protectorates. If these dependencies cannot contribute directly to the maintenance of a navy, or to the current expenses of the home government, they may at least yield to the merchants and people the profits of a commerce and of a carrying trade. The chief support of the imperialist view has been arguments based upon trade.

The most striking instance of commercial enterprise has been the history of Great Britain. The imports into the United Kingdom, of merchandise and bullion, in a single year, are valued at $2,175,000,000. The exports are valued at $1,186,000,000. The total commercial movement of the United Kingdom in a normal year would be $3,361,000,000, or nearly double the commercial movement of the United States in its foreign trade. If we exclude the precious metals, and confine our attention to merchandise, it is found that less than one fourth of the imports are received from British possessions, including protectorates, and a little more than one-fourth of the exports are sent to these possessions. Taking the whole empire, with an annual trade of $5,355,000,000, the United Kingdom enjoys $875,000,000 with her colonies, or about one-sixth. Assuming that the net profit on the transactions confined to the United Kingdom would be five per cent. on the value of the imports and exports, a return of about $50,000,000 would represent the benefit immediately obtained from the trade of the colonies. To this must be added the freights on the carriage of goods, which would be equivalent to another ten per cent., making a total of $100,000,000.

Great Britain has secured this commercial ascendency by a policy which to other and competing countries has always seemed ruinously liberal. The United Kingdom represents to-day the greatest of free markets, and is the distributing centre for all Europe in raw materials of industry. As a distributing centre its influence has waned, for the tendency of modern commerce is more and more towards direct lines of trade, rather than through entrepôt and distributing ports. The same policy would have been almost as efficacious had England been without a colonial system, provided what are now her colonies had not fallen into the possession of other European powers, all too ready to apply a system of differential duties or of monopoly trade. It has been suggested that England divide her political responsibilities, giving greater autonomy to India, and making her new African possessions a part of a great Indian Empire. Such a scheme has many political points in its favor; and commercially it would not affect the dominance of English interests in the trade of the world, for England would still remain the great commission merchant of the civilized world. To this her merchant marine, her banking facilities, and her almost universal business connections have largely contributed, and will continue to contribute.

If Great Britain can stand as the exemplar of a striking success in building up and maintaining a commercial supremacy, which by its mere mass impresses the imagination, even though it may return very little of real profit to the mother-country, the experiences of other, European countries in the same direction have been marked by failure, and by reverses so severe as to endanger the experimenting power. There was a time when Spain and Portugal seemed to control the destinies of the Western world; when the profits they received were the envy of on-looking powers, who thought that the endless riches of the East were being poured into the Iberian Peninsula, giving it a power against which it was useless to contend. There is hardly a vestige of that dominance left, and Portugal is in pawn for its current expenses, and Spain is about to lose the sole remnant of its colonial empire. Among the more recent examples stands Germany, which has little reason to be gratified with her venture in building up a colonial trade. The German, it has been said, emigrates to escape officialdom, and is not over-anxious, therefore, to renew his restricted existence under the same power in another clime. As a remedy for over-population the Germany colony has proved a failure, and its commercial result has been hardly more fortunate. With her possessions in Africa the annual trade, import and export, is less than $1,500,000 a year; her trade with the British African colonies is three times as great. Only one-tenth of one per cent. of the total commerce of the German Empire is represented by its colonial trade. France has been a little more successful, but it is Algeria that has contributed more than all the other dependencies combined. About seven per cent. of the foreign trade is with French possessions, and this capital sum would be represented by $110,000,000. Giving the same rate of profit to the home merchant as was assigned in the case of Great Britain, we would obtain for France a yearly return of $5,500,000, and for Germany only $75,000. It may well be questioned whether such returns are in any part a compensation for the anxieties of colonial possessions, whether that possession is based upon monopoly or freedom.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the United States should be cautious in entering upon cares for which its existing machinery of government is so little adapted. The success in settling and developing the West may seem to be a strong argument in favor of new acquisitions of territory, to be dealt with in the same manner, but there is no virgin territory available, and the directions in which annexationists have looked lead to lands already occupied by populations which could no more be assimilated than has been the Chinese or the negro. It is not too much to say that the want of success in dealing with the alien races among us, a failure which becomes more emphatic as the population becomes larger and the land more densely settled, is a conclusive argument against extending the experiment upon a larger scale. The element of commerce is one that offers peculiar difficulties. The share of the United States in the trade of the other American countries is smaller than would be expected; and it would only be by excluding other powers that this trade could be extended and monopolized as those in favor of a colonial enterprise desire. Another factor in the problem gives a warning note of no uncertain sound. The thirst for acquisition is fostered by the desire for private gain; and the limits to which this desire may be carried, overriding public engagements as well as private right, make a sad commentary upon the injustice of man towards his weaker brothers. **Worthington C. Ford.**

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of "The Stickit Minister," "The Raiders," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE BEAST-MAN OF BENERARD.

THUS we sat, waiting. Suddenly there was a pause in the noise which filled the cavern below. I thought they had discovered us. But Marjorie moved her hand a little to bid me keep down. So very carefully I raised my head over the rock, so that through the niche I could, as before, look down upon them.

The water-door of the cave was now entirely filled by a black bulk in shape like a monstrous ape. Even in the flickering light I knew that I had seen the monster before. A thrill ran through me when I remembered the man-beast with which I had grappled in the barn of Culzean the night I outfaced the Gray Man. And now, by the silence and the crouching of the horde beneath me, I learned also that their master had come home. The thing stood a moment in the doorway as though angered at something. Then he spoke, in a voice like a beast's growl, things which I could not at all understand. Though it was clear that his progeny did, for there ensued a rushing from side to side. Then Sawny Bean strode into the midst of his den. He stumbled, and set his foot upon a lad of nine or ten, judging by the size of him, who sprawled in the doorway. The imp squirmed round like a serpent and bit Sawny Bean in the leg. Whereat he stooped, and catching the lad by the feet, he dashed his head with a dull crash against the wall, and threw him like a dead rabbit in the corner.

The rest stood for a moment aghast. But in a trice, and without a single one so much as going to see if the boy were dead or only stunned, the whole hornets' byke hummed again, and the place was filled with a stifling smell of burning fat and roasting victual, upon which I dared not let my mind for a moment dwell.

When Sawny Bean came in, he had that which looked like a rich cloth of gold over his arm—the plunder of some poor butchered wretch belike. He stood with his trophy, examining it, before the fire. Presently he threw it over his shoulders, with the arms hanging idly down, and strode about 'most like a play-actor or a mad person, but manifestly to his own great content and to the admiration of his followers, who stood still and gaped after him.

When he had satisfied himself with this, I saw him look towards our place of refuge. A great spasm gulped my heart when I saw him take the first step towards us, for I knew that it was his forbidden treasure-house in which we lurked.

So I thought it had come to the bitter push. But something yet more terrible than the matter of the boy diverted for the moment the monster's attention. The lad whom he had cast to the side had been left alone, none daring to meddle. But now, as he passed him, Sawny Bean gave the body a toss with his foot. At this, quick as a darting falcon on the stoop, a woman sprang at him from a crevice where she had been crouching—at least by her shape she was a woman, with long elf-locks twisting like snakes about her brow. She held an open knife in her hand, and she struck at the chieftain's hairy breast. I heard the knife strike the flesh, and the cry of anger and pain which followed. But the monster caught the woman by the wrist, pulled her over his knee, and bent back her head. It was a horrid thing to see, and there is small wonder that I can see it yet in many a dream of the night. And no doubt also I shall see it till I die—hear it as well.

Then for a long season I could look no more. But when I had recovered me a little, and could again command my heart to look, I saw a great part of the crew swarm like flies, fetching, carrying, and working like bees upon spilled honey, from the corner where had been the bodies of the lad and the woman. But it was not in the ordinary way that they were being prepared for burial. In the centre of the cave was Sawny, with some of the younger sort of the women pawing over him and bandaging his wounded shoulder. He was growling and spitting inarticulately all the time like a wild-cat. And every time his shoulder hurt him, as the women worked with it, he would take his other hand and strike one of them down, as though it was to her that he owed the twinge of pain.

Presently the monster arose and took the gold brocade again in his hand. I thought that of a certainty now the time was come. And I looked at Nell Kennedy.

God knows what was in my eyes. My heart was like to break. For the like of this pass was never man in. That I should have to smite my love to the death within an hour of the first kiss and the first owning of her affection!

But she that loved me read my thought in mine eyes.

She bared her neck for me, so that I could see its tender whiteness in the flicker of the fire.

"Strike there," she said, "and let me die in your arms, who art my heart's love, Launcelot Kennedy."

I heard the beast-man's step on the stair. I looked from Nell's dear neck to her eyes and back again to her bosom. I lifted my hand with the steel in it, and nerved myself for the striking, for I must make no mistaking. And even in that moment I saw a dagger also in Marjorie's hand.

Suddenly a tremendous rush of sound filled the cave. The dagger fell from my hand, and Nell and I clasped one another. The clamor seemed to be about us and all round us. Roaring echoes came back to us. The bowels of the earth quaked. Yet methought there was something familiar in the sound of it. I turned me about, and there, standing erect with all his little height, was the Dominie. His cheeks were distended, and he was blowing upon his great war-pipes such a thunderous pibroch as never had been heard in any land since the pipes skirled on the Red Harlaw.

What possession had come upon his mind I know not. But the effect I can tell. The pack of fiends that caroused and slew beneath stood stricken a moment in amaze at the dreadful, incomprehensible sounds. Then they fled, helter-skelter, yellyhooing with fear, down the narrow sea-way, from which the tide had now fully ebbed. And when I looked over there was not a soul to be seen. Only over the edge of a caldron the body of the murdered woman, or at least a part of it, lay—a bloody incentive to haste out of this direful Cave of Death.

The Dominie stepped down as though he had been leading a march, strutting and passaging like the King's piper marching about the banqueting-table at Holyrood. I declare, the creature seemed fey. He was certainly possessed with a devil. But the fearlessness of the man won into our veins also. For with steel or pistol in each of our hands we marched after him, ready to encounter aught that might come in our way. Aye, and even thus passed out of the cave, hasting down the long passage without a quiver of the heart or a blenching of the cheek, so suddenly and so starkly, by way of sudden hope, had the glorious music brought the hot blood back to our hearts, even as it had stricken our cruel foes with instant terror.

Thus dry-shod we marched out of the cave of Sawny Bean, and not so much as a dog barked at us. But when, in the gray of a stormy morning, we reached the cliff's edge, we heard inland the wild voices of the gang yelling down the wind, as though the furies of fear were pursuing them and tearing at their vitals. What they expected I know not. But I guess that they must have taken us for whatever particular devil they happened to believe in, come to take them quick to their own place. Which, after all, could not be much worse than the den in which we had seen them at their disport, nor could all the torturing fiends of lowest hell have been their marrows in devilish cruelty.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANE LOCHABER AIX GIED HIM HIS PAIKS.

So once more the world was before us, and strangely quiet it seemed, as if we had died in stress and riot and been born again into an uncanny quiet. There remained now for us only the bringing to pass of righteous judgments upon the wicked ones who had compassed and plotted all this terrible tale of evils. These murders without end, the hellish cruelties and death-breeding deceits, must not fall alone on the crazed outlaw and his brood, for the chief criminals were those that were greater than Sawny Bean and his merciless crew.

It was, as I say, the breaking of a stormy morrow when we faced up the brae, sword in hand, finding none to withstand us. For all had fled before the music of the war-pipes. Then in the sustaining quiet I asked the Dominie by what inspiration he had thought of such a thing as the blasting upon the war-pipes.

"Oit just came to me!" said he, lightly. With that he wiped his chanter and set the drones under his arm, letting them hang down as though they had been the legs of a lamb which a herd has found on the hill.

But our troubles were not over. For we had yet to pass through many miles of Bargany country ere we could reach our own folk. I proposed to turn landwards, for that, as the crow flies, is the shortest way. But the Dominie denied it, saying that since those cruel monsters of Sawny Bean's band had fled that way, the closer we kept to the coast the safer we should be.

We made, therefore, such a detour as would enable us to escape the town of Girvan, which was a strength of our foes. And passing by Killochan, a pleasant and friendly tower, well set in a wooded valley with a view of our old strength of Ailsa, we hastened as fast as we could march with the ladies of our party to Culzean.

Now near by Killochan there was a school and a schoolmaster, the name of him John Guid. He had been for a long season a friend and crony of our Dominie Muir. To him we resorted; or rather the Dominie went alone, while I abode with Marjorie and Nell. It was over in the afternoon when he came back, and what was our joy to hear behind him the trampling of a pair of hardy ponies! For, with the weariness of her terrible quest and the stress of the night in the Cave of Death, Marjorie looked dismally near to her death. And, indeed, I am not sure that my Nell was greatly better.

Marjorie had passed some part of the long march in telling us in bits and snatches the tale of her sufferings, her flight and capture, and how by evil and hateful hands she had been flung into the water from off the Heuch of Benerard.

It was a tale of tyrannous wrong, and shall be kept for its own place, when it was Marjorie that came to tell it to a greater and more powerful than Launcelot Kennedy or Dominie Muir of Maybole.

I shall therefore let the reader wait for the explanation of many things which are dark now, and which had been equally dark to me till that gusty, rain-plashing morning.

Soon we four fared northward over the moors of Carrick, with Marjorie and Nell riding upon the garrons, and the Dominie and myself hasting along by their side. We were just by the edge of the Red Moss, and going straight and snell for my Lord Earl's house of Cassillis, when Nell, who was ever our most keen-eyed watcher, cried out that we were pursued. And when I had turned me about and looked, I saw that of a surety it was so.

Then I thought that if it should happen that we were attacked, it would be as well to have the advantage of position, so I posted our party on a little heathery mound, having a great open lairy moss in front, with dangerous quags, trembling bogs, and square, black islands of moss and peat standing in the midst, all gashed and riven. Here we waited, we two under arms in front, and the maids standing close behind the horses, with the bridles loose in their hands.

I had cast my cloak over the shoulder of Nell's sheltie to clear my arms for the fray if it should come to the clash of blows. And it pleased me well to see her catch it without a word, and fold it like a wife that watches her husband and is pleased to anticipate his need. This indeed (I say it twice) pleased me well. For I knew that she had done with daffing with me any more, and that she had forgotten the matters concerning that pretty telltale Kate Allison.

The three men who rode toward us were at first like ships low down on the sea-line. But they mounted steadily, spears and pennons first, after that the shine of armor, and then the heads of their horses, becking and bowing with the travail of the moss.

Then we that fled had anxious hearts, for we knew not whether they might chance to be friend or foe. And, indeed, it was well that we looked for the worst. As they came nearer, we saw that the two who rode first were armed in a knightly way, and held lances in their hands. But the third, who came behind and held a little aloof, was plainly clad in a gray cloak and hat.

"It is Auchendrayne and his son, with the Wolf of Drummurchie in their company. It could not well be

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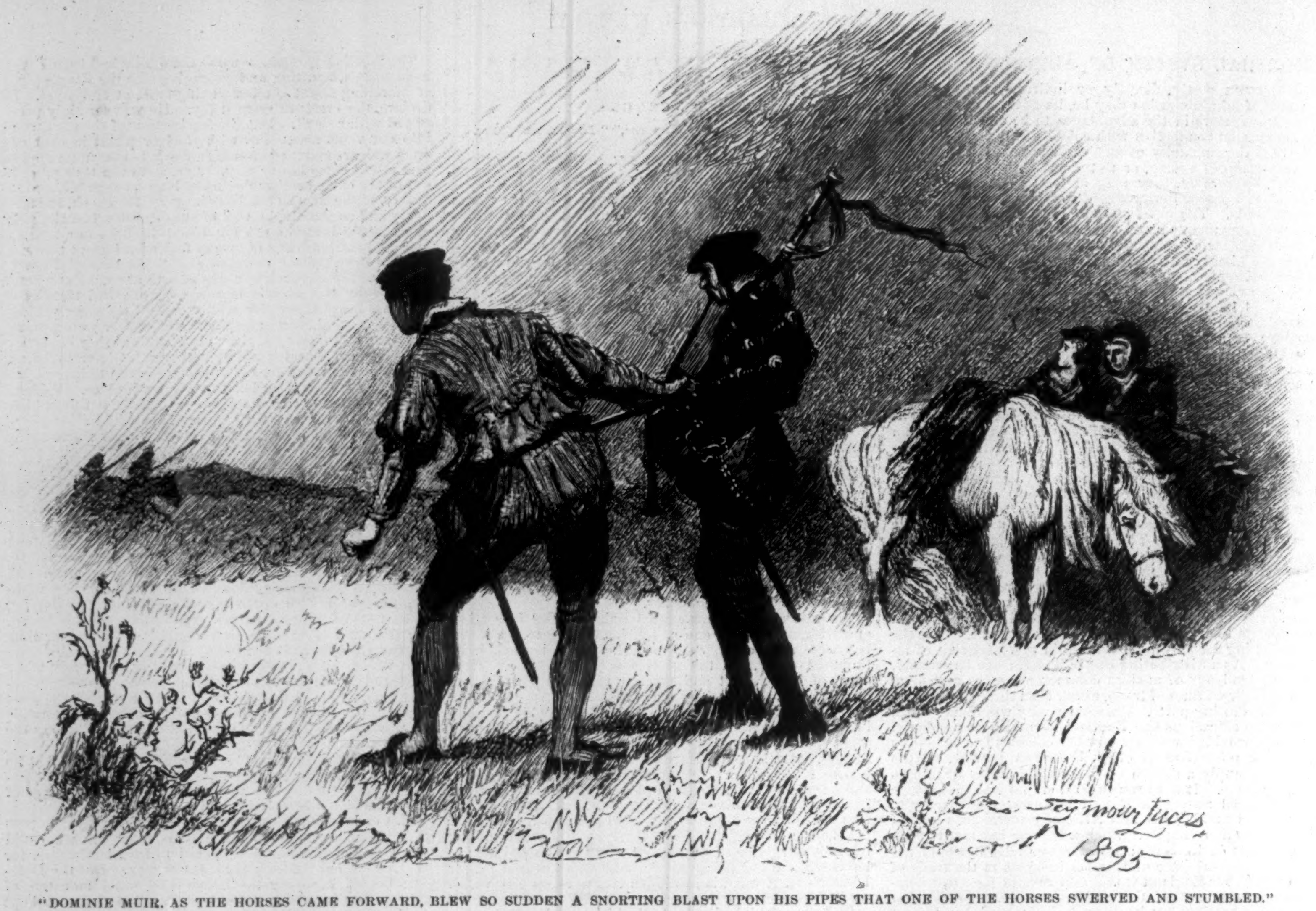
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2037.



"DOMINIE MUIR, AS THE HORSES CAME FORWARD, BLEW SO SUDDEN A SNORTING BLAST UPON HIS PIPES THAT ONE OF THE HORSES SWERVED AND STUMBLED."

worse," said the Dominie. "We are like to be hard bested."

And I knew that Marjorie Kennedy looked once more upon the man who had slain her father and the man who was her husband. For these two were one.

I had looked for them to call a parley, and had set myself in front to acquit me well in the war of words before the damsels. But I was not prepared for the event as it happened.

For without a word of preamble, warning, or speechmaking, John Muir of Auchendrayne (he in the cloak of gray) cried out: "Have at them! Slay them every one! 'Tis now too late for whimsies. It is our lives for theirs if we do not!"

So with that the two younger men-at-arms came on, couching their long lances and riding directly at us. I stuck my sword by the point, naked, in the soft moss at my side, so that I should not have it to draw when it came to the pinch. And for the last time I looked at my pistol priming, and longed horribly for a hackbut of the French pattern out of the armory of Cassillis.

But wishing would not bring them, or I had had a dozen, each with a good Culzean man behind it, with his finger on the touch. But yet you may depend that my imagination bodied them forth, standing there useless in the press, oiled and burnished, as I had left them. And all the while the two villains came on.

Now in a plain place we had but little chance to stand against them, cumbered with the women as we were. But the hag I had chosen for our defence on the edge of the Red Moss favored us. When, however, I had fired my pistol, and made nothing of it, save only the clink of the bullet whizzing off the plate metal, they got time to round the main obstruction. Then it had gone hard with us indeed, but that the Dominie Muir, as the horses came forward, blew so sudden a snorting blast upon his pipes that one of the horses swerved and stumbled, almost throwing his rider to the ground. Then, ere he had time to recover, the Dominie was upon him with his sword, springing upward and striking like an angry ettercap, ever at the face, so that it took the horseman all his time to defend himself.

The other came at me full tilt with his long spear, and though I leapt aside from the lance-thrust, I with my pistol and sword had been no better than a dead man at the next turn. But Marjorie Kennedy, giving the bridle-reins of both horses to her sister, seized the Dominie's Lochaber axe. She sprang behind the visored man, and hooking the bent prong in his gorget collar behind, she pulled him down from his horse with a clash of armor. Then, after that, there remained nothing for me to do but to set my sword to his throat and bid him yield himself.

By this time the frightened horse which had stumbled first became perfectly mad, and turning in spite of all that Thomas of Drummurchie (called the Wolf) could do, it galloped with him fast across the Red Moss.

The man in the gray cloak also put his horse to its speed when he saw how the matter was like to go. For he had kept at a distance, and taken no part in the fighting. We were left alone, victorious, without a wound, and with the man in the visor our prisoner.

He seemed to be stunned with his fall. So Marjorie stooped and undid his unlaced steel cap, shelling his head as one shells the husk of a nut from the kernel.

The man whom she revealed was James Muir, the younger, of Auchendrayne, her wedded husband.

We stood thus some time in wonderment what should be the upshot. Marjorie Kennedy (I cannot ever while I live call her by any other name) stood looking down at the man to whom in foulest treachery she had been given. Then Nell touched my arm, and, lo! on the Moss, there was a man on horseback coming to us. I knew the beast. It was the same on which the Wolf of Drummurchie had ridden. But the man was other than the Wolf.

It was a mystery to us.

But at last Nell, whose eyes were like an eagle's for keenness, though, as I observed, of heavenly beauty, cried out, "It is Robert Harburgh—we are saved," which was no great thing of a saying, for I had saved her ten times that night, if it came to any talk of saving. Yet I think from that moment she began to draw away a little from me, whether as remembering some of my old ploys with that tricksy lass who was now Robert Harburgh's wife, or partly lest she should have seemed to be over-ready in owning her love for me.

At any rate, after I had thought over her unkindness and sudden chill a little, I was not sure that it was not the best sign in the world. For, as the reader of this chronicle must have gathered, I am a man of some penetration in these matters, and it is not given to any woman to twine Launcelot Kennedy in a knot about her little finger.

Also, I have had very considerable experience.

"Faith," cried Robert Harburgh, "whom have we here?"

I answered him with another question—"Where gat ye that horse, Robert?"

"I got it," he replied, readily, and also calmly, "from a man that is not likely to need it again, at least for a tale of months."

"From Thomas of Drummurchie?" I asked.

"Who else?" said Harburgh, simply, as though the question had been sufficient explanation; as, indeed, it was, in the way he said it.

But all the while Marjorie stood looking calmly down at James Muir. He recovered little by little from the stunning knock, and presently made as if he would sit up.

"Tie his hands," said Marjorie Kennedy; and then, seeing that we hesitated, "Nay, give me the halter; I will do it myself." And there on the open moor, with the halter of his own beast, I declare she did it.

"Now listen, James Muir," she said, raising her voice; "ye have steeped your hands in my father's blood. Ye have shed blood to cover that crime, even the blood of an innocent young child. With these hands that are tied you did these things. I am your wife. I will never leave you or forsake you till you die. I shall see that you have fair and honorable trial; and I will testify against you truly as to that which I know and have seen."

She turned to us with her old way of command, imperiously gracious, but sharper a little than her ordinary. "Mount him on that horse," she said, as a queen commands in her court.

This was she who had walked gladsomely with me in the garden at Culzean, and had, in smiling maidenly compassion, given a love-sick boy her favor to wear. What agony of hell had passed over her spirit, thus to turn her to a woman of stone?

"Whither shall we take him?" said I; for it seemed to me not expedient to delay longer than we could help in that disturbed and fatal part of the country.

"To the Earl, on his way to the King," replied Marjorie Kennedy.

"If ye bide still half an hour ye will see the Earl come hither," said Robert Harburgh. "He rides to the south to hold his Court of Bailiary, on the borders of Carrick."

For since the great defeat of the Bargany faction, and the death of the young chief at the gate of Maybole upon that memorable day of snow, Cassillis had gained more and more in power, so that none was able to make any head openly against him. The death of Sir Thomas, my good master, had also thrown all that additional weight of authority upon his shoulders. Indeed, Earl John bode fair to be what his father had been before him—the King of Carrick.

His titular jurisdiction had always included the southern parts of the district of Carrick. But it was only of late that he had made himself so strong as to be able to enforce his authority there.

But now Earl John was riding to hold his court near Girvan, in a country that not a great while ago had been purely a stronghold of his enemies, and which still swarmed with the disaffected and rebellious.

So even while we stood and waited there, Nell cried out that a cavalcade rode southward toward us by the edge of the Red Moss. It was not long before we could discern the fluttering pennons of blue and gold, which denoted the presence of the Earl. He had a noble retinue of well-nigh a thousand men, all handsomely armed, many of them knights and gentlemen of his own name.

We waited for them to come up with us, I standing meanwhile by Nell's side, and Marjorie Kennedy standing at her husband's head and looking down at him.

When the Earl John, riding first, as was his custom, perceived who it was, he lighted down with much courtesy to salute his cousins.

"How do you do, ladies? And what, by the grace of God, brings you hither with so small a company in such a dangerous place?"

Then said Marjorie: "Earl of Cassillis, you are my cousin. But you are also Bailzie of Carrick, and hold the power of life and death. I take you and all your company to witness that I deliver over to you this man, called James Muir of Auchendrayne. He is twice a convict murderer. Right cruelly he slew my father and your uncle, and I charge him also with the fact of the murder of William Dalrymple, a poor boy of tender years, whom he killed with his own hands to cover the first deed, which things I shall in due time make good."

The Earl was manifestly mightily astonished, as well he might be, at the Lady Marjorie's declaration. But he was glad also, because that it was no light thing for him to lay the enemy of his house by the heels, and seeing good prospect of getting the Muirs attainted and denounced, be able to make himself omnipotent in all the lands of the south.

"Bring the man along with us!" he commanded. "Let him have all tendance and care. But let a double guard be placed over him."

"I will be his guard!" said Marjorie, firmly. "I and no other!"

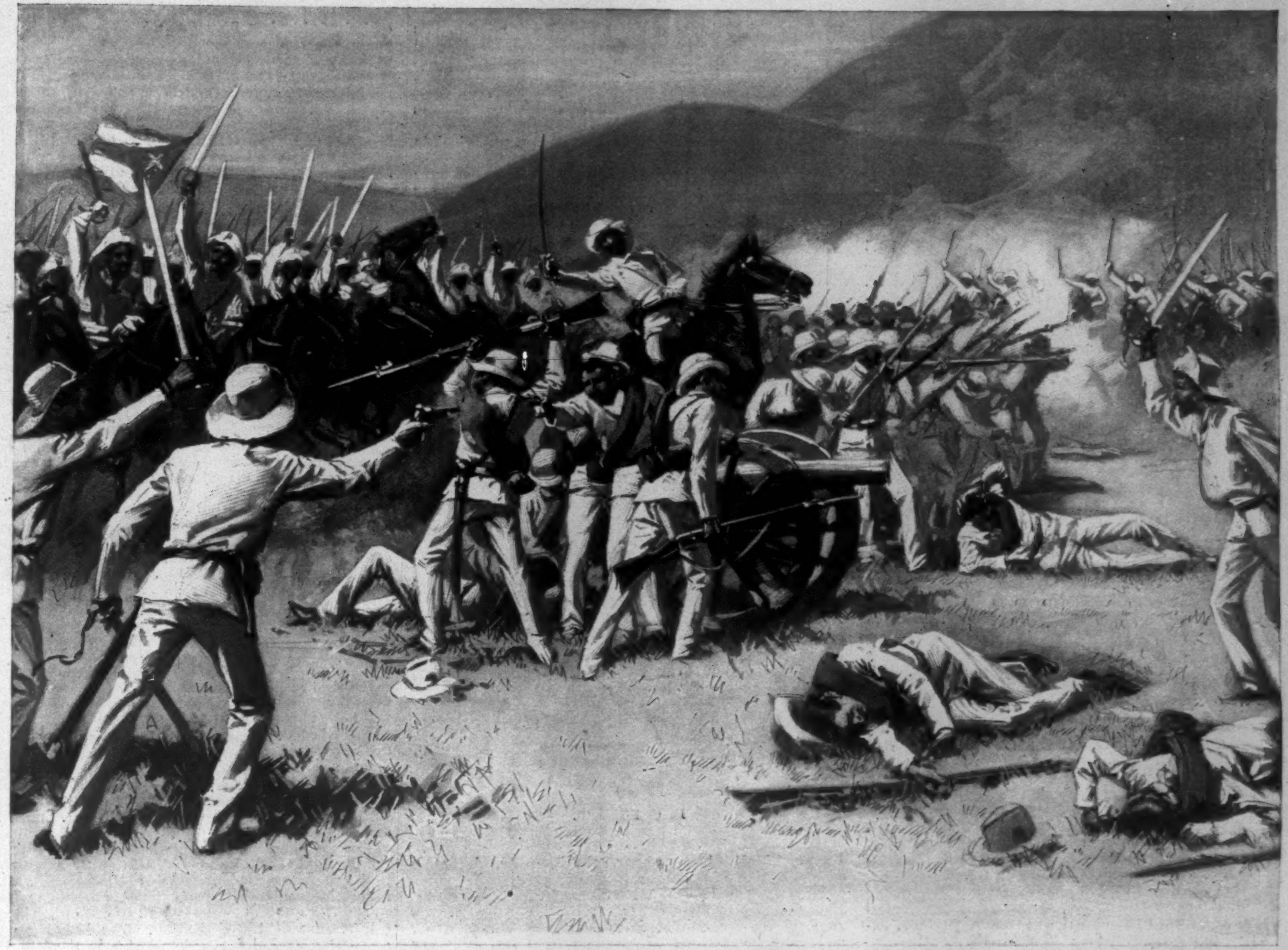
But Earl John named a retinue to ride with Marjorie and her husband in the name of a guard of honor. But really because he felt his fingers on the throat of his enemy.

And all the way as we rode back the way we had come, now no longer in fear and trembling, but in manifest state and pomp, Marjorie sat humbly upon a sheltie by the side of the man who was her husband, and whom she had most sacredly vowed to bring to the gallows.

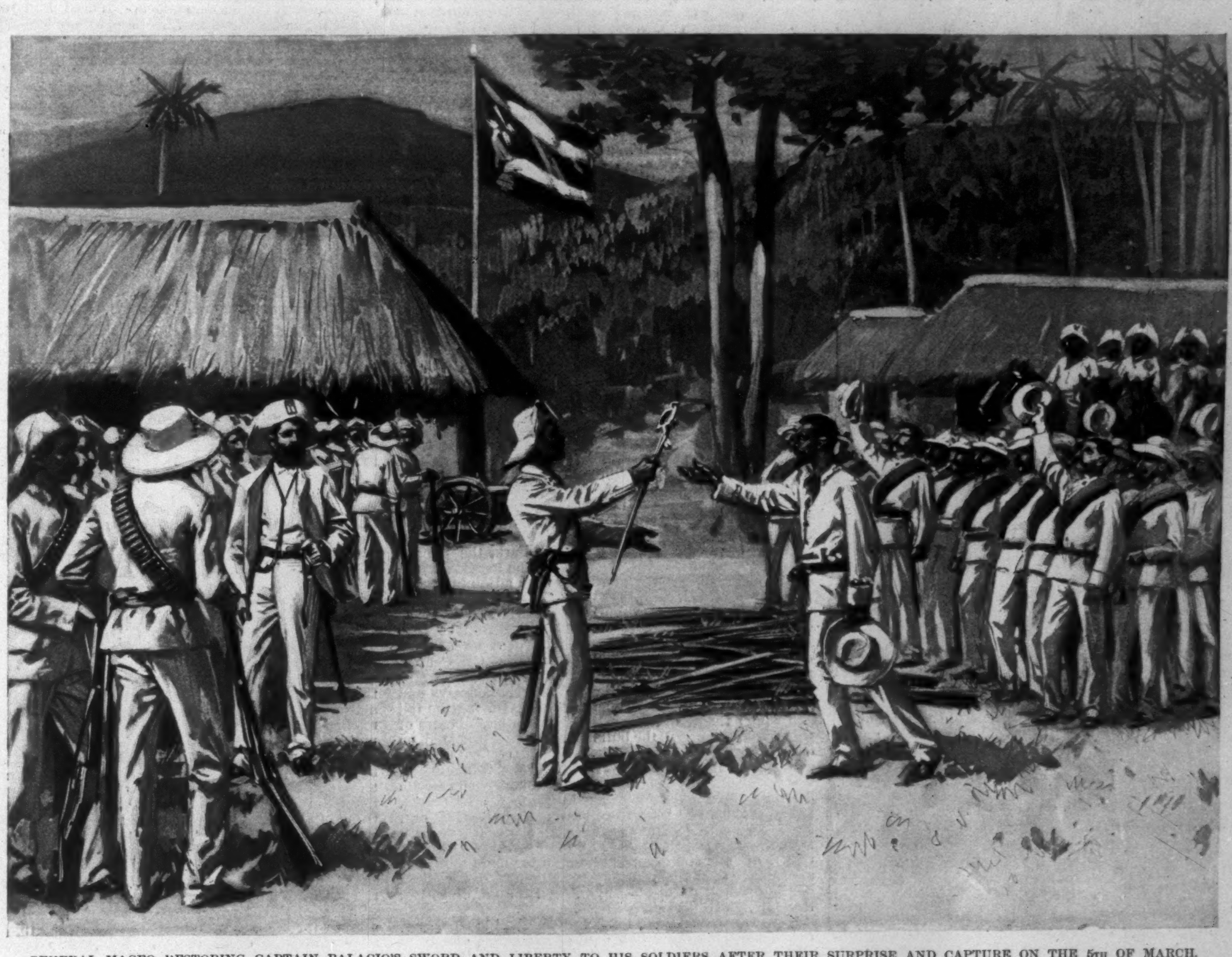
And for the present the Dominie and I resolved to keep the secret of the Cave of Death and of the fearsome place where was bestowed the treasure of Kelwood.

But immediately after the Court of Justiciary I resolved to make it known to the Earl. For so Nell and I had made our compact, and the Dominie might be relied upon to do even as I bade him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



INSURGENTS CAPTURING A PIECE OF ARTILLERY FROM THE BATTALION ALFONSO XIII. IN THE BATTLE AT LECHUZA, APRIL 16, SOUTHWEST OF HAVANA.



GENERAL MACEO RESTORING CAPTAIN PALACIO'S SWORD AND LIBERTY TO HIS SOLDIERS AFTER THEIR SURPRISE AND CAPTURE ON THE 5th OF MARCH.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 522.]

"QUINTOS" AND AMAZONS IN THE CUBAN WAR.

"On the 5th of March we surprised a detachment of Spaniards under the command of Captain Don José Palacios." This information Señor Valdes, to whom reference has been made in a previous issue of the **Weekly**, has pencilled on the margin of one of the sketches recently forwarded from the insurgent army of the west; and he goes on to state that the force to which he is attached, after an engagement lasting one hour, made prisoners of the said captain and fifteen soldiers. Thirty of the Spaniards had fallen, and their resistance had been stubborn. General Antonio Maceo called together the troops, and after a harangue in which he praised the bravery of Captain Palacios and of his soldiers, gave them their liberty, restoring to the captain the sword which he had surrendered. A shout of "*Viva Cuba libre!*" was the response of the brave captain and his soldiers; and it is hardly necessary to state that this emotional officer and his emotional men then and there joined the insurgent ranks—one *quinto* (young soldier, literally a fifth of a soldier, a fraction of a man) being so wild with joy that he kissed General Maceo's hands.

The subject of the other drawing on page 521 of this number of the **Weekly** is the capture of a piece of artillery from the battalion Alfonso XIII. in Lechuza—an incident of a combat which has been characterized as the *más sangrienta* of the whole war; and with good reason thus characterized, if it be true that two-thirds of the Spanish force commanded by Colonel Linares were killed or wounded, and that Maceo's "patriots," as they are now calling themselves, were nearly decimated while scoring a terrible success. The scene was a mountainous district southwest of Havana, just west of the Trocha; the time, Thursday, April 16. From private sources the official organ of the Cuban revolutionary party, the *Patria*, obtained the account published in its issue of the 22d ult. One episode at least should be retold in English.

It seems the plan of the Spaniards was that three battalions should attack Maceo simultaneously, but the battalion of Sánchez Echevarría lagged behind. So the attacking force was inadequate. The result has been anticipated. Linares and his men, retreating in disorder, at length took shelter behind rude fortifications on the wharf of a sugar plantation, until a war-ship came to their rescue.

The Amazons, a company of Cuban women, fought courageously. In an attempt to capture Colonel Linares, a patriot named Alvarez was separated from his companions. Seeing his perilous situation, *his wife* and several others hastened to his rescue. Then husband and wife, caught in the Spanish lines, tried to open a passage with the sword. Alvarez made his escape in this manner, believing that his wife was still at his side; but she, unable to follow, and surrounded by the enemy, was carved (descuartizada) by the Spanish machetes—seeing which, Alvarez shot himself.

An older world, or a newer world—at any rate, a world quite different from the world we live in—would seem to be required for the supplying of such situations. To one who looks on from a distance it may seem from time to time curiously like the stage—as the stage would be if tragedy and farce-comedy were played at once by the same cast. At the time of the present writing, unwilling spectators of the lamentable play are promising themselves and (as correspondents of the newspapers) are promising their readers a long *entr'acte*. The Trocha has just been carefully examined by the correspondent of the London *Times* at Havana. He declares the line to be strongly held; implies that a junction of the western and eastern armies can scarcely be effected. With that line approved, and the yellow fever and rainy season at hand, the act would seem to be finished.

But there is another point of view—the point of view of the ardent and confident Cuban agents and partisans in this country. These men assert that Antonio Maceo can break through the Trocha whenever he likes, but that it is better for him to remain in the west for the present. The act is not to close without a grand climax.

Marrion Wilcox.

H. C. BUNNER.

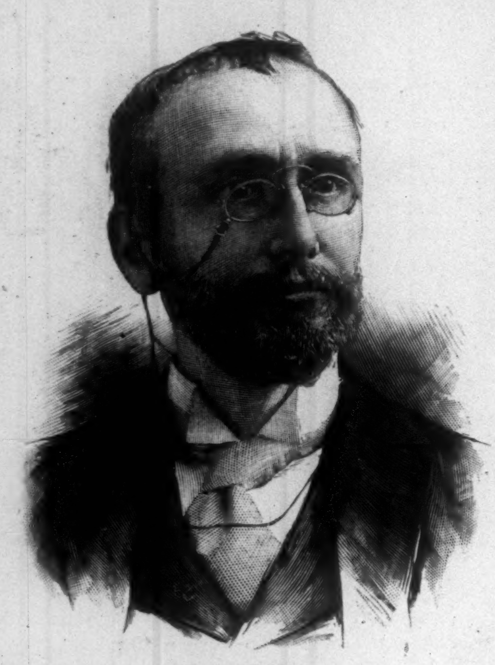
H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck*, died of consumption at his home in Nutley, New Jersey, Monday, May 11, 1896. Failing health had caused him to seek relief in southern California in the winter, but his sanguine temperament had permitted him to delay the trip too long. He received temporary benefit, but became seriously ill in San Francisco on his way home. Though he rallied sufficiently to complete the journey, it proved to be the last struggle of an overtaxed constitution.

Born in Oswego, New York, August 3, 1855, he came to New York city as a boy, and prepared for Columbia at Dr. Callisen's school. Although, instead of going to college, he entered the employ of Messrs. G. Amsinck & Co., merchants, he early showed a strong literary bent, and his reading, omnivorous and unhampered, led him over a wide range of subjects and into many little-frequented byways of literature. He rarely forgot anything he had once read, and his mind became a storehouse of valuable and often amazing information, so disposed and classified as to be instantly available. While he may have missed his college course, others never missed it in him, and the honorary degree of A.M. which was recently conferred on him by Yale was more than a graceful compliment.

Business life, not strangely, proved uncongenial, and in 1873 he gave it up and took to writing, contributing to the *Arcadian*, a weekly periodical which led a brief but exciting existence, and serving as a reporter on the *World* and the *Sun*.

When the English *Puck* was started by Adolf Schwarzmann and Joseph Keppler, in 1877, with Sidney Rosenfeld as editor, Bunner became assistant editor, and very soon succeeded his clever but impractical chief. His output at this time was enormous. The entire paper was written by two or three men, the lion's share of work always falling to Bunner. Editorials, poems, jokes, dialogues, stories, came from his pen in prodigal profusion. For some time the paper was a doubtful experiment, but Bunner's faith in it never wavered. When, largely through his encouragement and industry, its success was assured, and he was relieved of much of the old-time drudgery, he began to contribute to the magazines the stories and verses through which his permanent reputation as a writer was made. But his loyalty to *Puck* never faltered. He worked constantly to make it something more than merely a humorous paper. He succeeded. His short, trenchant, fearless editorials were a power on the side of honest government; and latterly many of his most charming short stories have appeared first in the paper which he edited.

His first book was *A Woman of Honor*, published in 1883. He never cared for it. *Airs from Arcady*, his first collection of poems, followed in 1884. It contains some of his most delightful verse, and had an unusually large sale. Some of his earlier stories were written in collaboration with Brander Matthews, and in 1885 appeared *In Partnership*, with both names on the title-page. After this came, in 1886, *The Midge*, a story of the French quarter of New York, and, in 1887, *The Story of a New York House.* Four volumes of his short stories have appeared—*Zadoc Pine, and Other Stories, Short Sixes, Made in France,* and *More Short Sixes.* Descended from Revolutionary stock, his writings have been marked by a sturdy Americanism, and he was a strong believer in as well as an exponent of the picturesque possibilities of New York city as a field for fiction. *Rowen*, his second book of verse, was published in 1892.



H. C. BUNNER.

Ten years ago Mr. Bunner married Miss Alice Learned, of New London, and soon after they went to live in Nutley, New Jersey. His family consists of two daughters and a son, Laurence, named after his friend Laurence Hutton. In Nutley, Mr. Bunner learned to love the country as much as he continued to love the city. He surrounded himself with flowers and animals in great variety—a donkey, pigs, rabbits, and birds of various plumage, while no friendless cat or dog was ever turned from his door.

Here he led a happy, healthful life, but the germs of inherited disease were already at work. The sympathetic humanity which characterizes his stories and his essays characterized the man. When he should have saved his strength, he gave it lavishly for others. Yet he never missed the humorous side of any situation; and the relief which this capacity afforded him doubtless kept him up long after he had exceeded the limits which nature ordinarily imposes. He was a delightful companion, and a satisfying, helpful friend—the same man in real life that he was to those who knew him only in his books.

H. G. Paine.

THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

The Tennessee Centennial Exposition, now under vigorous construction at Nashville, the capital of the State, is the outcome of a patriotic desire on the part of the people of the commonwealth to honor the one-hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Federal Union.

In the summer of 1895, West Side Park, the famous race-course property, was selected for the location of the Centennial Exposition. The tract, with adjoining lands which were added, comprises two hundred acres, lying in the immediate western suburbs of Nashville, a few hundred yards beyond Vanderbilt University. As West Side Park, the property had been beautified at an expense of nearly if not quite $200,000, and when the Centennial Exposition management took charge it was a fine area of blue-grass, divided by walks and roadways and shaded by full-grown ornamental trees. During the fall and winter the grades were changed, two large bodies of water were arranged, the building sites were prepared, an entirely new system of walks was laid off and macadamized, and the sod, wherever it would not be disturbed, was replaced. Eight buildings were commenced early in January. Hundreds of additional trees, magnolias, cedars, pines, and firs, and 2500 roses have already been set out, and a large consignment of giant cacti and century-plants is on the way from Mexico. And the result of all this is that the Centennial grounds present a far more attractive appearance than was probably ever the case so far ahead of the opening of an exposition. All the buildings will be white, finished in staff.

The exercises on June 1 and 2 will be dual in character, commemorating the actual date of admission, and inaugurating the great exposition that is to open to the public May 1, 1897, and to close November 1.

The ceremonies will take place in the Auditorium. The building has a seating capacity of 5000, and will be entirely finished at that time. The reproduction of the Parthenon, except for the delicate carvings on the pediments, will also be complete as to exterior appearance. The Administration Building and the Woman's Building are finished now, and the construction on the Commerce, Machinery, Transportation, and Agriculture buildings is progressing rapidly. Work will be commenced on the Minerals and Forestry, History and Children's buildings shortly after June 1, and the Negro Building and three or four other large edifices will follow at intervals.

The Executive Board and all the officers of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, with a single exception, serve without any salary. The officers of the exposition are: John W. Thomas, President; Van Leer Kirkman, W. A. Henderson, and John Overton, Jun., Vice-Presidents; E. C. Lewis, Director-General and Director of Works; A. W. Wills, Commissioner-General; Frank Goodman, Auditor; W. P. Tanner, Treasurer; S. A. Champion, Chief Counsel, and S. J. Keith, President of the Fourth National Bank, Chairman of the Finance Committee. Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman is President of the Woman's Board.

The Tennessee Centennial Exposition will be more of a patriotic birthday party on a grand scale than a big "fair" or "bazar" operated to make money. The enterprise is not intended to leave any funds in the treasury. In addition to the million dollars contributed by the people of Tennessee, large sums have been secured from outside sources, and all of it will go practically into the exposition itself, and not into big salaries. Several States have made provision for the erection of special edifices, and others will follow. Foreign countries, notably Japan, Mexico, and Chile, will make considerable displays, and the proportions of the exposition will grow on and on. The management guarantees that all of its buildings will be ready for installation of exhibits by January 1, 1897, and it requires of exhibitors that their displays must be in place and ready for inspection May 1, 1897. If they are, no charge will be made for the space they occupy. Those that are not, will have to pay rental. By this means the management hopes to have the exposition positively complete on the opening day.

Especial attention is being paid to the purely ornamental features. A statue of Minerva, in staff, twenty-five feet high, is being made in Paris to be placed in front of the Parthenon. Original fountains are being designed, and every part of the park will be adorned with statues, columns, and arches.

The reproduction of the Parthenon, which will contain the art exhibit, is fire-proof, with stone foundation, brick walls, and steel-and-glass roof. Mr. W. C. Smith is the architect of the reproduction.

The Commerce Building, where exhibits representing the liberal arts will be housed, will be the largest of the group, measuring 591 by 256 feet. The dome is 175 feet high. Messrs. B. J. Hodge & Brother are the architects.

The Agricultural Building will be one of the handsomest features of the exposition. The building was designed by Mr. Jul J. Zwicker, and is in the Renaissance style of architecture. The dimensions are 300 by 200 feet, and the central dome rises to a height of 100 feet.

The Roman-Doric order of architecture, combining strength and beauty, was used as the *motif* for the Machinery Building, of which Messrs. Gibel & Gaebler are the designers. The dimensions are 526 by 124 feet, with a boiler-room 162 by 72 feet.

The characteristic feature of the Transportation Building, of which Mr. Jul J. Zwicker is the architect, is its utmost simplicity. A pleasing effect has been obtained without the use of a single column, merely in the grouping of the masses and proper proportioning. The building has a frontage of 400 feet and a depth of 125 feet.

The Auditorium is Colonial in form and Ionic in treatment. Four porticos, facing the different points of the compass, give the floor plan a shape resembling a short cross, except for the circular colonnades connecting at each corner, forming a promenade, while the roof furnishes a convenient balcony, which affords a vantage-point for the viewing of out-door displays and pageants. The interior dimensions are 290 by 110 feet. The tower is 140 feet high. The architect is Mr. G. W. Thompson.

THE FIRST RECORD OF ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Another and a vastly important discovery has been credited to Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, the distinguished Egyptologist, the full details of which are to be found in the May number of the *Contemporary Review*. It relates to the Jews or Israelites in Egypt.

Constant has been the endeavor to show, ever since the time of Eusebius, the connection between Jewish and Egyptian history. Although we are fairly familiar with the geography of Palestine, taking its monuments as illustrations, as far as Egypt is concerned not a trace of the Israelites or Jews has been discovered in any form on the monuments.

Knowing that such a hiatus existed, to discover even the slightest connection between the Egyptian rulers and the Israelites has excited the attention of ardent Egyptologists. The work done was so far fruitless. The geographical data were made more positive, but the historical link in the chain of evidence escaped us.

In December of this year Mr. Flinders Petrie, through the aid of M. de Morgan, obtained permission to excavate a district in Thebes known to contain the remains of numerous funerary temples. After three months of excavation, four royal temples, before unknown—those of Amenhotep II., Tahutmes IV., Tausert, and Saptah (1450 to 1150 B.C.)—were discovered. In all there were six temples, some before known; but in one, that of Merenptah, the prize was found. It may be stated that the name of this king is sometimes written Merneptah, and in that guise is fairly familiar to biblical students. Merenptah, when ascending the throne, found Egypt beset with enemies. Ramses II. had left the realm in confusion. Merenptah drove his enemies before him, and victory seems to have ever perched on his banners.

Kings of Egypt, whether they were great or little, felt a greed for applause. It was not alone while they were alive that their deeds must be read, but they longed for applause in the future. Their careers, their actions, they were always heralding. The excavator of to-day who thinks he may be on the trace of some glorious discovery, and may dream of jewelled crowns, is rarely as fortunate as was Mr. de Morgan. The reigning king did not have much respect for the tomb of his ancestor. It may be that at times there was not sufficient money in the treasury to satisfy the building requirements of the actual living king. What he did was, if not to rifle, at least to tear down the monument of the king who had gone before, and he used the material for his own special and personal temple. It was as if Napoleon Bonaparte had torn down the mausoleum of Charlemagne in order to erect a shrine for himself.

Amenhotep III. (1400 B.C.) was an Egyptian king with lavish tastes. He left behind him what, we believe, was once the most magnificent of temples. All that is left of it to-day are the colossi of the plain of Thebes. When Merenptah became vainglorious, he simply appropriated the superb materials Amenhotep III. had left. Merenptah took all the statues, the sphinxes, the gods, and columns, and broke them up or split them into convenient pieces for the foundations of his own structure. He swept away a glorious shrine, using only the site. The débris he utilized.

There was among the piles of stone one huge slab of hardest black syenite, some 10 feet 3 inches high, and 5 feet 4 inches wide, and with a thickness of 13 inches, which was so tough and indestructible that Merenptah could not shiver it. What he did was to take it all in. Before the vandal's time many other kings had respected this slab as an ancestral monument. Merenptah had the sides of it smoothed over, and on it had engraved a long historical inscription of himself and his deeds. When in after-times the glory of Merenptah went to pieces and his temple tumbled down, then the stone fell too; but so hard and indestructible was the slab of syenite that, save one small chip, it is to-day intact. Taking the entire inscription on it, there are not fewer than 6000 signs. It is this slab which Mr. Flinders Petrie lifted up, undefaced, uninjured, and on it, among other things, this most remarkable passage was read as clearly as is modern print:

"For the sun of Egypt has wrought this change: he was born as the fated means of revenging it, the King Merenptah. Chiefs bend down, saying, 'Peace to thee'; not one of the nine bows raises his head. Vanquished are the Tahennu (N. Africans); the Khita (Hittites) are quieted; ravaged is Pa-kanna (Kanun) with all violence; taken is Askadni (Askelon?); seized is Kazmel; Yenu (Yanoh) of the Syrians is made as though it had not existed; THE PEOPLE OF YSIRAAL IS SPOILED, IT HATH NO SEED; Syria has become as widows of the land of Egypt; all lands together are in peace. Every one that was a marauder hath been subdued by the King Merenptah, who gives life like the sun every day."

For convenience' sake Mr. Griffith, the translator, has separated the entire inscription into paragraphs, and we omit that portion which refers to the conquest of Libya, and the rhapsodies in honor of King Merenptah, whose name was sanctified, because it meant "Beloved of Ptah."

When did Merenptah reign? If the approximate data of the period were not established we should be very much at sea. Here we have recourse to fixing the time of astronomical festivals which took place when Merenptah ruled, and the Egyptian scribe never omitted such important data. We have, then, the best reason, by means of calculation, to fix the period as being 1200 B.C., and running backwards and forwards, working with the dates of former or after kings, we are convinced that there can be little chance of a mistake. And what is an additional proof that we are right is this, that 1200 B.C. corresponds with genealogies of the Levites and the history of Judges. It happens, then, too, that there is nothing inconsistent with history in placing the exodus as occurring some time during the reign of Merenptah.

Still, all is not yet clear. What does the text mean, as far as the people of Ysiraal are concerned, when there is added, "is spoiled, it hath no seed"? If the king were Pharaoh, it might point to the destruction of the first-born in Egypt. Then, too, there might have been Israelites not alone settled in Egypt, but many of their brethren elsewhere who did not follow the bulk of the Jews into the land of the Nile. Endless are the suggestions. "The spoiling" of the Israelites may have happened just after the exodus, when the king was harrying the fugitives. Mr. Flinders Petrie states the total absence of any reference to any Egyptian invasion.

It seems ludicrous, in treating of an event of such importance in the history of the civilized world, to be forced to revert to that unfortunate tendency the seemingly staid Egyptian had for punning, or twisting the sounds of words. It is in the "Ysiraal" that the Egyptian, prone to alliteration, found his opportunity. "Yezreel" may mean "the serving of God," and the king destroyed the seed, but there cannot be the least quibble of doubt as to the fact that by "the people of Ysiraal" Merenptah indicated positively the Israelites. Altogether, then, this find of Mr. Flinders Petrie's is among the most remarkable of all recent Egyptological events, for here we read for the very first time the name of Israel. Speculations at the desk of the scholar have their use, but it is the intelligent explorer whose pick finds the slab, the engraved stone, and who, reading the inscription, solves a difficult problem.

B. P.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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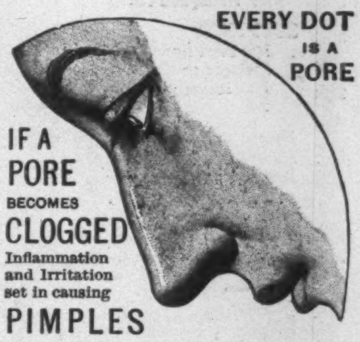

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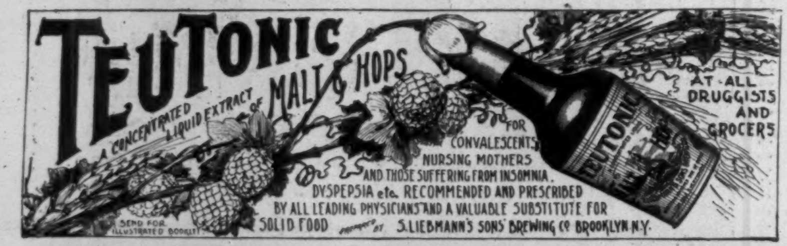
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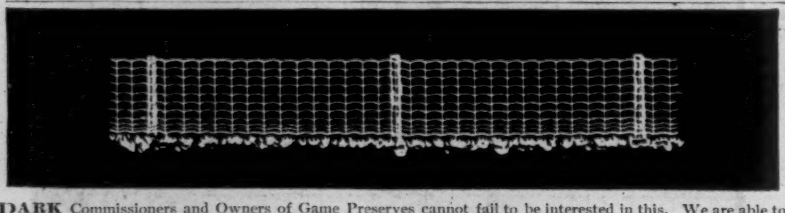

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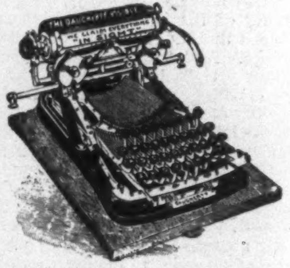

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AMATEUR SPORT

THE CODE OF WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE RULES suggested at the Chicago conference, February 8, 1896, we are now, for the first time, able to publish in its revised and authenticated form. It seems the copy that was given out for publication immediately on the dissolution of the Chicago conference was not authorized by the secretary of that conference, but handed out by some of the other members without authority. That copy thus given out was neither authentic nor correct. The inaccuracies of that code, which we published at the time, have led to erroneous conclusions. I therefore take pains to say that the copy of rules given below comes to us this time directly from Mr. Barnes, who was secretary of the Chicago conference, and the reports from the different universities are official, so that this set of rules may be accepted with confidence as correctly representing the present athletic legislative status of the larger colleges of the upper Mississippi Valley.

1. No one shall participate in any inter-collegiate game or athletic sport unless he be a *bona fide* student doing full work in a regular or special course as defined in the curriculum of his college; and no person who has participated in any match game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of another college team until he has been a matriculant in such college, under the above conditions, for a period of six months. This restriction in regard to time shall also apply to students who, having graduated at one college, shall enter another for professional or graduate study.

2. No person shall be admitted to any inter-collegiate contest who receives any gift, remuneration, or pay for his services on the college team.

3. Any student of any institution who shall be pursuing a regularly prescribed, resident, graduate course within such institution, whether for an advanced degree or in any one of its professional schools, may be permitted to play for the minimum number of scholastic years required before securing the graduate or professional degree for which he is a candidate.

4. No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest who has ever used or is using his knowledge of athletics or his athletic skill for gain. This rule shall be operative after October 1, 1896. No person who receives any compensation from the university for services rendered by way of regular instruction shall be allowed to play on any team. This rule shall take effect December 1, 1896.

5. No student shall play in any game under an assumed name.

6. No student shall be permitted to participate in any inter-collegiate contest who is found by the faculty to be delinquent in his studies.

7. All inter-collegiate games shall be played on grounds either owned or under immediate control of one or both of the colleges participating in the contest, and all inter-collegiate games shall be played under student management, and not under the control of any corporation or association or private individual; except in the case of the inter-collegiate meets of track teams.

8. The election of managers and captains of teams in each college shall be subject to the approval of its committee on athletics.

9. College football teams shall not engage in games with professional teams, nor with those representing so-called athletic clubs.

10. Before every inter-collegiate contest a list of the men proposing to play shall be presented by each team or teams to the other or others certifying that all members are entitled to play under the conditions of the rules adopted, such certificate to be signed by the officer or officers designated by athletic committee or board of control of each university. It shall be the duty of the captain to enforce this rule.

11. Athletic committees shall require each candidate for a team to represent the university in inter-collegiate contests to subscribe to a statement that he is eligible under the letter and spirit of the rules adopted.

12. No student shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest after any year who has not been in residence at least six months of the preceding year of the course.

Illinois writes: "We will still be governed by the faculty rules. We will only allow a student to play four years, but in inter-collegiate athletics we will be governed by the Presidents' agreements as amended at the conference."

Chairman of Minnesota Athletic Committee writes: "I doubt whether we shall stick to this (adoption without emendation) if Chicago and Michigan refuse to adopt the stringent clauses."

Michigan, Northwestern, and Chicago report adoption with emendations.

Michigan writes: "Rule 1 has everything struck out after 'his college' to 'This restriction.' Rule 4 has all stricken out after 'This rule' in the second sentence, substituting 'shall not be interpreted as applicable to students now in college who have been engaged in coaching prior to December 1, 1895.' Rule 12 is erased from the list."

Northwestern writes: "At a meeting of our committee, held on April 10, 1896, we adopted Rules 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, and 11 as they were recommended by our conference, except that in Rule 10 we substituted the word 'eligible' as more accurate and unequivocal. We also adopted the first part of Rule 1 to the semicolon after 'college.' In place of Rule 4 we reaffirmed and substituted our old Rule 4, which reads as follows: 'No person who has been employed in training a college team for inter-collegiate contests shall be allowed to participate in any inter-collegiate contest as a member of the team which he has trained, and no professional athlete and no person who has ever been a member of a professional team shall play in any inter-collegiate contest.' It was also voted unanimously by our committee that we approve the spirit of conference Rule 4, and that we inform the chairmen of committees of the other six institutions concerned that we will agree to adopt and become bound by Rule 4 whenever and as soon as any five of the six shall so agree. In place of conference Rule 9 we re-enacted our old Rule 9, which reads as follows: 'College teams shall not engage in games with professional teams nor with those representing so-called athletic clubs.' (The remainder of the rule is essentially Rule 10.—B.)"

Chicago sends copy of rules which show the following changes: In Rule 1 all after "his college" stricken out. In Rule 4 "be eligible" is substituted for "participate"; the second sentence is altered to read, "This rule shall not apply to any *bona fide* student who was a member of this university or any secondary school on February 8, 1896, for what he has done in the past"; third and fourth sentences adopted. Rule 12 is stricken out.

NOW THAT ALL THE REPORTS ARE IN, there is much pleasure in learning that Wisconsin is not the only university to have accepted the suggested rules *in toto*, but they were adopted also without alteration by Minnesota, Purdue, Wisconsin, and Illinois, in order named. I have in earlier issues commended Wisconsin especially, because it seems to me that that university has gone further into the spirit of the purity movement than others by striking out for her own students the time limitation in Rule 4. In other words, Wisconsin puts the eligibility rules into effect at once, whereas Rule 4, of which all the others have taken full advantage, gives until October 1 of this year. Therefore I stand by my statement that Wisconsin is the only one of these Western universities immediately to place its teams on an Eastern basis of purity; the claim is borne out by the official reports of the different universities now before us.

Wisconsin besides has cleared Rule 12 of its ambiguous phraseology, and in its place adopted one which reads:

> "No student who has been a member of a college team shall participate in any inter-collegiate contest during any year, unless he has been in residence at least six months of said scholastic year, or of the preceding scholastic year."

The original Rule 12, as suggested at the Chicago conference, is not a good one, because literally interpreted it debars Freshmen from athletics, which, of course, is an undesirable result. As revised by Wisconsin it resembles the Eastern ruling against men who have played on other college teams, and is a very commendable regulation.

CHICAGO AND MICHIGAN AND NORTHWESTERN in their eliminations of Rule 1 have really cut the vital part out of it, to wit:

> "And no person who has participated in any match game as a member of any college team shall be permitted to participate in any game as a member of any college team until he has been a matriculant in such college under the above conditions for a period of six months. This restriction in regard to time shall also apply to students who, having graduated at one college, shall enter another for professional or graduate study."

For the purposes of effectually preventing the inducing of players to migrate from one institution to another this rule is the most important of the twelve suggested by the Chicago conference. Its rejection by these three universities is subject for unfavorable criticism.

Northwestern's rejection of Rule 4 is likewise open to criticism. In place of it they have reaffirmed for their own purposes their old rule, which sets forth:

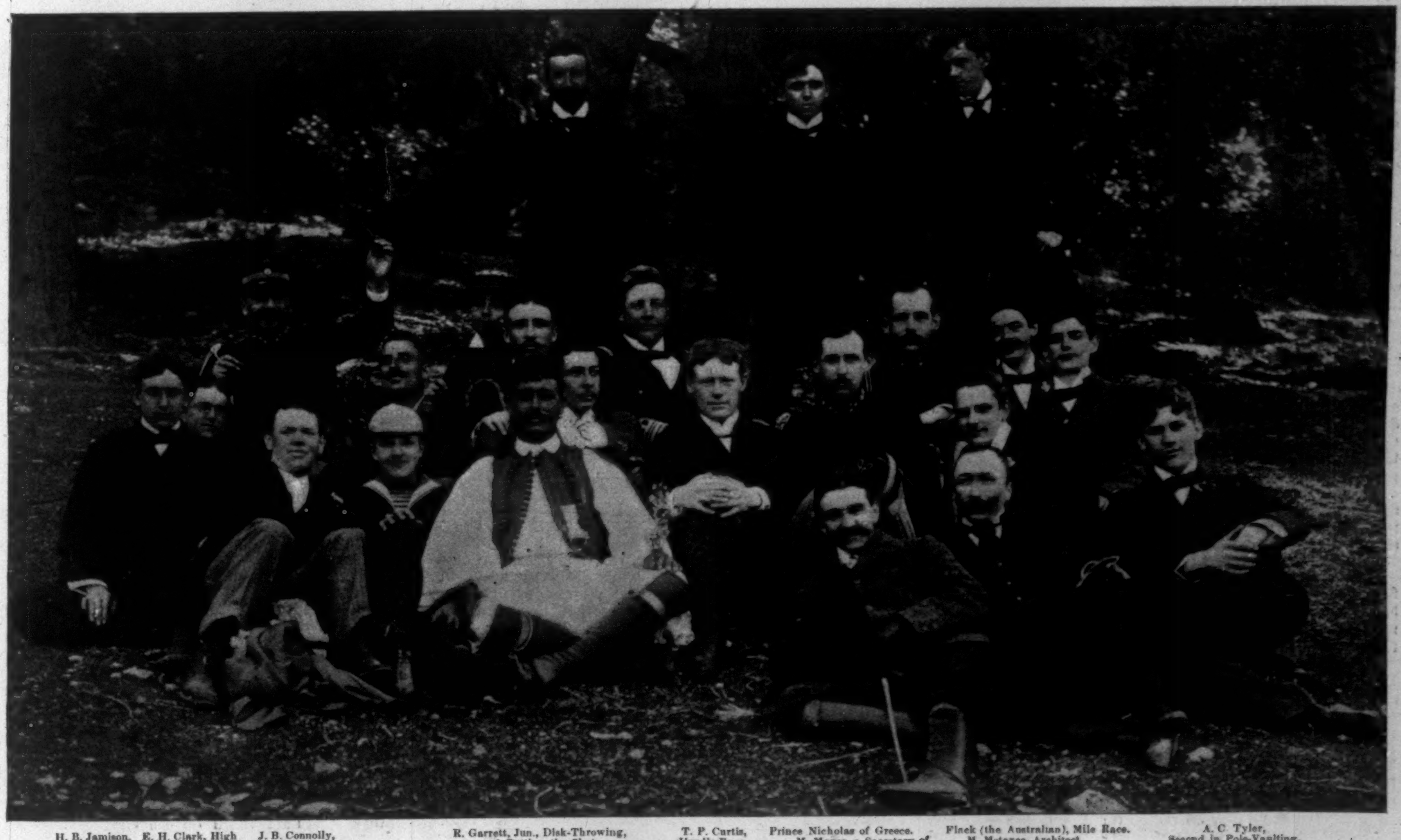
> "No students of the department situated at Evanston, and no member of any university football or baseball team, shall during term-time, without the permission of the committee for the regulation of athletic sports, play on any team not connected with the university."

This rule has absolutely no bearing on the matters covered by the regular Rule 4, suggested at the conference. According to Northwestern's rule a man may play where he likes outside of "term-time." There seems nothing to prevent the playing of men who have coached for money; nor is a professional defined.

MICHIGAN HAS MODIFIED THE RULES so that all who have coached prior to December, 1895, are allowed to play indefinitely on its teams. Chicago has modified them so that any one, whether professional or otherwise, who was a member of the university or of any secondary school February 8, 1896, may play on its teams indefinitely.

Indefinitely, I say, because I fail anywhere in the rules to find a satisfactory time limit, although Secretary Barnes writes me that the time limit, as set in Rule 3, is actually seven years. If it is true that seven years is to be the limit of play, then it is as bad as no rule, and the Western colleges may expect the same trouble, of men induced to return to college for athletic purposes, as the Eastern colleges had before the four-year limit became general.

Illinois College is the only one of the lot to have shown an appreciation of the importance of this question. Not only has she adopted a four-year limit, but it is being enforced, despite its costing her some very excellent football material for next autumn. Moreover, the teams of Illinois are, I believe, the only ones in the West to be made up practically of undergraduates. Illinois took this stand even before the Chicago conference of last February. The showing she made last year in athletics, and is continuing this year, goes to prove that ill success by no means is attendant on purity.



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Prince George of Greece.
The Crown Prince.
T. E. Burke, 100 and 400 Yard Race.
A. Blake.
W. W. Hoyt, Pole-Vaulting.

H. B. Jamison.
E. H. Clark, High and Long Jumps.
J. B. Connolly, Tripod Jump.
R. Garrett, Jun., Disk-Throwing, and Putting the Shot.
S. Louses, Marathon Race.
T. P. Curtis, Hurdle-Race.
Prince Nicholas of Greece.
M. Manos, a Secretary of the Committee.
Flack (the Australian), Mile Race.
M. Metaxas, Architect of the Stadium.
A. C. Tyler, Second in Pole-Vaulting.

AMERICAN AND GREEK VICTORS, CONTESTANTS AND OFFICIALS OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

MINNESOTA'S PROMPT ADOPTION of the rules is commendable, but the prophecy of the Chairman of her Athletic Committee is ominous. It exhibits regard for the principle of college sport and the spirit of these rules as of secondary importance to putting out teams equal in strength to Chicago or Michigan. It has been their exhibition of a right spirit, and their standing out for the honor of the college and the principle of the sport, as distinguished from following the mere letter of the law or shaping it for private needs in order to keep up with rivals, that I have found so commendable in the course of Purdue and Wisconsin and Illinois. These universities have accepted the rules regardless of how they might affect their teams either this spring or next autumn, but Michigan and Northwestern and Chicago have trimmed the rules to suit the individual requirements of their own athletes; and if Minnesota fulfils the prophecy of her chief executive athletic officer, we may expect to see her, too, trimming the rules to suit her teams. It reads like exploiting principles as subterfuge to fit particular wants. Speaking of Minnesota reminds me that some weeks ago a mistake of the types replaced 2 by 1, and made Minnesota's number of students read as 1400 instead of 2400.

APROPOS OF THE NEED of faculties and athletic committees to continue diligent in training the young athletic mind in the proper course, I print a clipping from a Minnesota newspaper, with suggestion to the State University that it undertake some missionary work in the school whence come many of its students.

> "Robt. Lambert and Charles Nason received their contracts to sign and return to Hamline College [St. Paul, Minn.] for the baseball season. The boys, in return for their services in the ball team, are to receive free tuition, board, washing, baseball suit, and ten dollars in cash. This is a great chance for the boys, as they are both good players and should do well. Hamline is to be congratulated in securing two such ball-players."

This may be only a newspaper story, and, if so, should be corrected. Certainly a distorted conception of amateur sport is held somewhere.

We should like also to hear from the faculty of Hobart College by what conception of amateur-sport ethics it permits the publication of the following remarkable notice:

> "The manager of the team authorizes the following announcement: Prizes will be given at the conclusion of the season as follows: To the player having to his credit the best batting average, $10; the next best batting average, $5; the greatest number of runs, $5; the greatest number of stolen bases, $5."

The faculties of Hobart and some other of our small Eastern colleges must be more vigilant if they wish to keep the names of their institutions unsullied. We request Colgate and Union especially to bear this in mind.

AS THE MIDDLE WEST BASEBALL SEASON advances, it becomes evident that first honors of the season will eventually be fought out between the nines of Chicago and Michigan. Both have beaten Wisconsin and Illinois, and Northwestern is outclassed by them all so far.

As Michigan and Chicago play a series of four, and, if necessary, five games, it seems likely the one most fittingly qualified for honors will be discovered. In the first game between them Chicago somewhat surprisedly won by a score of 7–3, Nichols sustaining his reputation with the stick. He is probably one of the best batters in the West, and rarely is struck out or pops up a high in-field fly. As a pitcher, however, except possibly in speed, he is not the equal of Clark.

The Michigan team, as a whole, batted more strongly than Chicago, making 11 to their opponents' 9 hits. But Michigan's three errors were very costly. Neither of the pitchers seemed to have very good control of the ball, but Watkins less so than Clark, giving six bases on balls. All in all, it was perhaps as good a game as Western colleges have played, and the teams were more evenly matched than the score indicates. It was in base-running and in general team-work that Chicago excelled, her fielding being marred by but a single error. She does not, however, seem to be hitting the ball as hard as last year.

Despite Michigan's defeat in this first game, the outcome of the series must be regarded uncertain, as the team may be reasonably expected to steady and get together. There is no doubt Chicago has the material for a very strong team, to say nothing of Nichols and Clark, the veterans, to depend on as pitchers, and Jones again behind the bat.

OF THE OTHER COLLEGES, Wisconsin has not been able to get together so good a nine as formerly. The men seem to be very unsteady, and errors generally, and poor work at the bases especially, have largely accounted for the falling off in the team's work. This was especially noticeable in the game against Illinois. Runkel pitched strongly, but had no support, the catcher seeming to be about the only other man on the team to play ball.

Illinois's showing has been a splendid one. Although defeated by Chicago twice, she has nevertheless played exceedingly good ball, and against Wisconsin, whom she defeated, 5–1, her game was errorless. She has also beaten Northwestern, 20–9, and Purdue, 11–3, Purdue getting but 3 hits off Blakeslee, the Illinois pitcher. Altogether, next to Chicago and Michigan, Illinois has won the baseball honors of this section. There is a thorough-going sportsmanlike spirit about Illinois, too, that would of itself insure her respect in the West, even if her teams were not strong enough to command it.

MINNESOTA IS DOING VERY LITTLE in baseball. The faculty has forbidden the team from playing out of the State, and most of its games are with the Prep. Schools near by, especially Hamline, and of these it has lost the majority.

Oberlin has been defeated by Michigan, and Wisconsin by Beloit (3–5). The Oberlin team is composed of old players, and for the last three years has been considered quite a strong one. Last season it was coached by Bowers, the ex-Yale pitcher. It will be one of the Western teams to play Cornell this year, Chicago and Wisconsin being the others. Beloit still persists, I note, in playing its coach, and as it appears to be the only instance of the old trouble in the Western section, it would seem about time the Beloit faculty corrected it.

Northwestern has been defeated by Chicago, 27–5, and by Illinois twice, the second time 20–9. The team seems unable to get together, nor is the initial material particularly good. It is not at all improbable that the contemplated Eastern trip may be abandoned.

WESTERN TRACK ATHLETES are not to be seen here in such numbers, after all. The University of California has cancelled the dual games with Harvard and Pennsylvania, and will send on only to the inter-collegiate championships. Wisconsin, instead of a large team, will send two or three of her best men to the championships. Last year the California team made a highly creditable showing—indeed, opened Eastern eyes. And so they had a relapse of Eastern fever, natural enough in the young and enthusiastic Western man, but unfortunate just the same. This long-distance travelling by college athletes is a mistake from all points of view. Once in a while there should be a common meeting-ground—Chicago, for instance—for Eastern and Western athletes; but these special tours create commotion in the student body, and an artificial fleeting interest that does harm. And when it passes, the last scene is less attractive than the first.

California has made great progress in athletics, and is to be commended therefor; but we shall praise them none the less, whether or no they come 3000 miles to exhibit their prowess.

THE WESTERN INTER-COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS to be decided at Chicago, June 6, will be made additionally interesting and truly representative by having teams from both the California universities—Berkeley and Stanford.

THE COLLEGE TRACK-ATHLETIC SEASON is just about opening in the middle West. At Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota particularly there is increased activity this year, and indeed never before has there been such widespread interest shown by universities, colleges, and high-schools in that section.

At the head there is the Western Inter-collegiate A. A. A., and behind it many lesser State and interscholastic leagues. Yet the need of a few energetic officials is apparent. The trouble seems to be that the administration is entirely in undergraduate hands, and is therefore desultory and incompetent. The colleges membering the W. I. A. A. A. have been so busy watching one another that the officials of the Association, in the two years of the latter's existence, have failed to rise superior to college partisanship, and legislate on a broad basis for the good of Western track athletics. Perhaps, as the sportsman's spirit grows stronger, this defect may be remedied without resorting to the extensive graduate advisory bureaus, which have become ponderous in the East, without invariably disposing of school-boy squabbles and methods.

At present, however, undergraduate management in the West leaves much to be desired

WISCONSIN'S RECENT SPRING MEET was an interesting one. The games of this university each year have shown a steady elevation of athletic standards. On this occasion a strong wind was blowing, so that the performances were rather poor, except in the sprints, where they were exceptionally good.

Maybury, who ran second to Crum in the W.I.A.A.A. and in the Central championships, when Crum did .21$\frac{4}{5}$ round the turn, won the 100 yards in the Wisconsin games in .10, and also the 220, around just such a turn as Crum had last August, in .21$\frac{4}{5}$. Richards did the high hurdles in .15$\frac{3}{5}$, and the low, which he finished in a canter, in .27 As these two men will come on to the Inter-collegiate Championships in New York the 30th of this month, it is well to remember their performances, though of course due allowance must always be made for the timing at these purely collegiate events, especially in the West, where expert timers are scarce. Only those who have had long experience and become skilled in handling a stop-watch may be relied upon in returning time where a fraction of a second may break a record. Nevertheless, both these men are undoubtedly fast.

Some of the other performances at Wisconsin's meet were very fair, and give us an idea of what is being done in this part of the country. The high jump was won in 5 ft. 8$\frac{3}{4}$ in.; the broad, in 21 ft. 4 in.; the shot, in 40 ft. 3 in.; the hammer, in 108 ft. 5 in.; the 440, in 54 sec.; the half, in 2 m. 19$\frac{4}{5}$ sec.; the mile, in 5 m. 5 sec.; the walk, in 8 m. 9 sec.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST the athletic championship meet at San Francisco resulted in good all-round performance, and served to reveal some school-boy athletes who are destined to become record-holders. A. Cheek, an Oakland High-School boy, put the 16-lb. shot 41 ft. 8$\frac{1}{2}$ in. A. M. Walsh, another school-boy, made an excellent showing in the mile walk—winning second place. C. S. Dole, of Stanford University, created a new coast record of 10 ft. 10$\frac{1}{8}$ in. in the pole vault; R. B. Lloyd cleared 10 ft. 9$\frac{1}{2}$; and two others, A. Cheek and J. D. Hoffman, 10 ft. 5 in. The old record was about 10 ft. 4. W. C. Patterson raised the coast record (his own) to 5 ft. 11$\frac{3}{8}$ in the high jump.

As a basis of comparison with other Western sections, it will be interesting to glance at the performances of this meeting: 100 yds. and 220 won by W. P. Drum in 10$\frac{3}{5}$ and 25 seconds; quarter-mile by R. J. Woolsey, .57; half-mile, R. J. Carroll, 2.18$\frac{4}{5}$; mile, R. J. Carroll, 5.15$\frac{3}{5}$; 220 hurdle, H. B. Reynolds, .28$\frac{3}{5}$; broad jump, George Toombs, 21 ft. 1$\frac{5}{8}$; hammer, R. Edgren, 136 ft. 11$\frac{1}{2}$ in. Rather mediocre performances aside from the record-breaking ones.

THE STORY OF THE YALE-PRINCETON game is a short one, and has to do chiefly with Easton's notable work in the box, and Yale's innumerable errors. It was the first of the series, was played at Princeton, Saturday, and won by the home nine, 13–0. It was the most pronounced victory Princeton ever won over Yale, and the most overwhelming defeat Yale ever sustained from any rival.

Yale was outclassed, but, more remarkable, the nine went to pieces, a very unusual exhibition for any Yale team, and this particular team's second offence this season. They made thirteen errors, and, from the slovenly manner they were handling the ball, would have made as many again if Princeton had batted as strongly as the week before against Harvard. Desaulles and Twombly were the chief error-makers; the latter's throwing to second was wretched, and when he did get the ball there Hazen seemed to have difficulty in holding it. Yale's out-fielders are strong; every one of them made brilliant plays, and Greenway rivalled his captain, Quinby, in making the most stupid muff of the game. Trudeau kept his head, and pitched a steady game despite the wretched support he received. He held Princeton to nine hits.

Yale's general play was unaccountably loose, muffing and overthrowing bases. Only three times did they get more than three men to the bat in one inning, and only two reached second base.

Princeton had little chance to field, but Ward overthrew first, and Kelly's fumble gave a man his base. Generally speaking, Princeton played with more snap than against Harvard. But Easton was the man to win Princeton's fight; he struck out sixteen, gave none his base on balls, and allowed but two hits. His work was very clever—swift and slow balls alternating apparently from the same delivery. His is the best work we have seen so far this season.

Princeton plays Yale again next Saturday at New Haven. Princeton has never yet won a game at New Haven. If they do not this year, then it is heart and not baseball skill they need.

HARVARD HAS MADE SOME CHANGES that may give the nine strength where it is most needed. Pote (a second-year Medical man) has been tried behind the bat and at short stop, and was satisfactory in both He ought to be kept at short, for there is Harvard's direst need. Pote fields quickly and throws accurately. His first appearance was behind the bat in the Amherst game, which Harvard won, 8–3 Amherst was weak at critical moments, and Harvard, with that confidence it always exhibits against weaker teams, played a good game. Later, on Wednesday, Harvard defeated Williams, 10–9, with Houghton in the box and Pote at short; and that combination, with Rand again in condition, seems to be the strongest. The playing, Saturday, against Cornell, whom they defeated (15–6), showed the benefit of the changes. Pote is a great improvement at short, as is Rand in the field. Third base, Stevenson, continues to make costly errors. Paine did his best work this season against Cornell. The nine has improved, but errors are still too numerous. On the 20th Brown will be played, but Harvard has not yet shown form good enough to presage victory.

PENNSYLVANIA WON FROM LEHIGH, Wednesday, 13–8, but in a game filled with errors and loose play that reflects no credit on the nine. Lehigh's errors in number and degree were even worse, and gave Pennsylvania seven runs in the second inning. The best ball is not being played by the larger colleges this year. But for heavy batting they would not always result so happily for them. Penn. relies too much on its coacher's signals from the bench. It would be a good idea to learn to play the game themselves.

Why is this coaching from the bench tolerated in baseball, when coaching from the side lines in football is forbidden? I cannot see that the principle differs in one instance from the other.

Pennsylvania and Harvard play their first game next Saturday, and unless Harvard steadies very much in the mean time they will lose. As it is, the Pennsylvania nine has shown more even work both at the bat and in the field, and at this writing the chances must be regarded in their favor for Saturday. Harvard is an improving nine, however, and a better one to-day than when she met Princeton.

CORNELL WILL BE BENEFITED, doubtless, by its Southern trip, which resulted in three defeats: by Pennsylvania, 11–6; by Virginia, 6–5, and by Georgetown, 11–1. After the first game the nine was without the services of pitcher Young, and that, together with injuries to Beacham and Cobb, which handicapped their play, weakened the nine. The team has fielded well, although somewhat lacking in snap, but it was outbatted, and its errors costly. Against Harvard the nine played weakly, being without Cobb and Beacham, and making six errors. The fielding was pretty poor, and will not hold Princeton on the 27th unless greatly strengthened.

THE SECOND BROWN-WESLEYAN game, last Wednesday, at Middletown, was another hard-fought game—just as their first had been; and but for Wesleyan's errors might have been a victory rather than a 5–3 defeat for the home team. Brown got three runs in the first inning, Wesleyan three in the third, and thus the score stood tie until in the ninth Brown made the two winning runs. It was a close contest throughout, and Brown was lucky to come out of it victorious. Despite the employment of both Summersgill and Brady, Wesleyan made 10 hits, while Brown made but 5, off Tirrell. In fact, Wesleyan has given Brown the hardest fight the latter has had this year—even though the scores (16–13 and 5–3) in Brown's favor do not seem to indicate it. Two days before the second Brown game Wesleyan was defeated by Yale, 8–4, by being outbatted. Yale was held until the sixth inning, when timely batting and nicely bunched hits started her on a winning pace. Against Orange A. C. Wesleyan went to pieces, making 14 errors, and losing by score 15–20.

IT IS A REAL PLEASURE to comment on the good work of Wesleyan's nine (from its 13–1 defeat of Dartmouth, which had but just beaten Harvard, to its lost Brown games), because her athletics have always been so clean, and because she has, with her fewer number of students, had certainly as much temptation to err, and yet resisted, and maintained her uphill fight against others with less regard for the ethics of amateur sport. For years she put forth a football eleven that creditably represented her, and this season her nine has proved to be a match for the best. It seems to me that Wesleyan has good cause to be proud of her record—and her sons of her; no matter where the nine finishes; she has fought and won a glorious battle for honest sport.

Williams is another of the smaller colleges that has put out an especially good nine this year. It won its first game from Harvard, but lost its second on Wednesday, 9–10, by the harder hitting of its opponents. Lewis, who is a strong man and a veteran in the box, lost some of his effectiveness in the sixth inning, and Harvard batted out six runs. Otherwise Williams played the better game, her fielding being cleaner and steadier. This was not the case against Holy Cross, Saturday, when 8 errors were largely responsible for their defeat (1–12).

I CALL ATTENTION TO Dr. Waldstein's article in this number, "A Last Word on the Olympian Games." It tells of the adoption of a new plan for international games.

MR. HORACE G. HUTCHINSON, the English golfing authority, will hereafter send us regular letters on timely matters.

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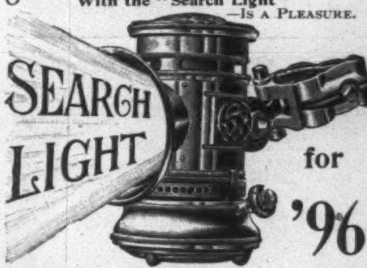

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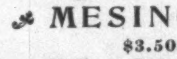

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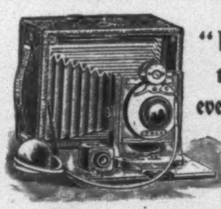

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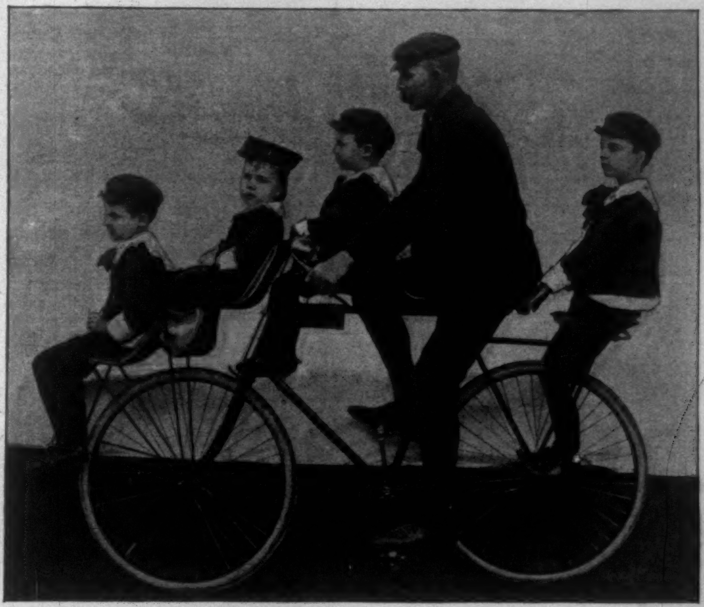

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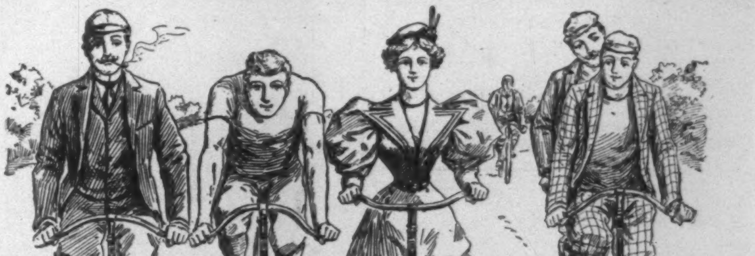

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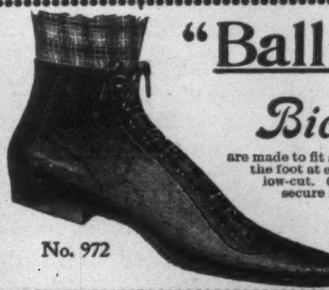

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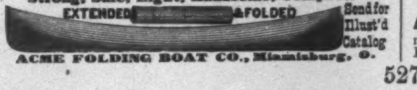

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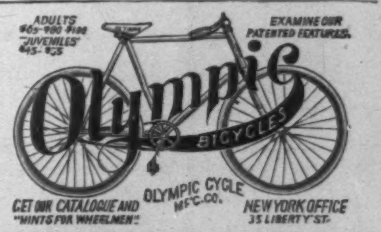

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